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A testament to self-control

W. H. AUDEN:
Epistle to a Godson
72pp. Faber and Faber. £1.40.

"You don't need me to tell you what's going on:" writes W. H. Auden in his ...test book's first piece, "the ochlo...ratic media, joint with under-the-...ryer gossip, process and vent with...ut intermission all to-day's ugly ...ecrets. Imageable no longer, a ...atureless anonymous threat from ...ehind, to-morrow has us gallowed ...itless: if what is to happen ...ccurs according to what Thucydides ...efined as 'human', we've had it, ...re in for a disaster that no four-...tter words will tardy."

This passage is highly interesting ...rose, detectable only in its lexical ...tensity as the work of a poet: ...azlitt, right on this point as on so ...any others, long ago laid down the ...ord about that giveaway proneness ...local effect. An ochlocracy is mob ...le; the *OED* last noticed "joint" ...ing used that way in 1727; to gal...w is an obsolete form of to gally, ...hich is itself a way of saying to ...ighten that hasn't been heard for a ...ng time anywhere except in a ...haling station; "tardy" as a verb ...aggered on a few years past its ...oment of glory in *A Winter's Tale* ... disappear in 1623. But let's start ...ain.

...n the title poem of his latest book, ...H. Auden writes:

> ... You don't need me to tell you what's
> ...ing on: the ochlocratic media,
> joint with under-the-dryer gossip,
> process and vent without intermission
> ...to-day's ugly secrets. Imageable
> ...longer, a featureless anonymous
> ...reat from behind, to-morrow has us
> gallowed shitless: if what is to happen
> ...urs according to what Thucydides
> ...ned as 'human', we've had it, are in for
> ...disaster that no four-letter
> ...ords will tardy.

...his passage is highly interesting ...try, but only within the confines ...Auden's strictly prosaic later ...ner. Sentences wriggle intric...y and at length down the syllabic ...

> ...eed be all metrical rules that
> forbid automatic responses,
> ...rce us to have second thoughts,
> free from the fetters of Self.

...he greatest modern verse tech...ian Auden long ago ran out of ...rical rules needing more than a ...ment's effort to conform to. Tech...ally, his later manner—which in...ved setting up a felt rhythmic ...ress inside an arbitrary syllabic ...ention—is really a way of restor...to the medium some of the resist...his virtuosity earlier wiped out. ...technical mortification is closely ...ed with the ethical stand forbid...ny irrationalities, all happy ...dents. No automatic responses, ...est thoughts. Helping to explain ...omission of certain poems from ...*Collected Shorter Poems 1927-...7*, Auden wrote in 1966:

> ...dishonest poem is one which ex...esses, no matter how well, feel...ngs or beliefs which its author ...ever felt or entertained. For ...xample, I once expressed a desire ...or "New styles of architecture"; ...t I have never liked modern ...rchitecture. I prefer *old* styles, ...nd one must be honest even about ...one's *prejudices*. Again, and much ...ore shamefully, I once wrote:
>
> History to the defeated
> ...ay say alas but cannot help nor pardon.
>
> ...o say this is to equate goodness ...ith success. It would have been ...ad enough if I had ever held this ...icked doctrine, but that I should have stated it simply because it sounded to me rhetorically effective is quite inexcusable.

Glumly reconciling themselves to the loss of *September, 1939*, in its entirety and favourite fragments from other poems engraved in the *consciousness of a generation*, critics respectfully conceded Auden's right to take back what he had so freely given. It was interesting, though, that no strong movement arose to challenge Auden's assumption that *these youthful poetic crimes* were committed by the same self being dishonest, rather than a different self being honest. Auden was denying the pluralism of his own personality. It was his privilege to do so if he wanted to, *but it was* remarkable how tamely this crankily simplistic reinterpretation of his own creative selfhood was accepted.

More remarkable still, however, was the virtual silence which greeted the spectacle of a great modern talent disallowing the automatic response, proclaiming the virtues of knowing exactly what you mean against the vices of letting the poem *find out what it wants to mean*. Auden had apparently worked his way through to the last sentence of the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*. "Wovon man nicht sprechen kann", Wittgenstein had written, "darüber muss man schweigen." What we cannot speak about we must pass over in silence. It was piquant to find the poet who above all others seemed to command the secret of modern magic occupying this position so very long after the philosopher who thought of it had moved out. Here was a man attacking the validity of his own serendipity, discrediting his own trick of setting up a bewitching resonance. Long before, combining with Louis MacNeice in preparing that seductive lash-up of a book *Letters from Iceland*, Auden had written:

> And the traveller hopes: "Let me be far from any
> Physician"; And the poets have names for the sea;

But on the way to press this was accidentally transformed into

> And the traveller hopes: "Let me be far from any
> Physician"; And the ports have names for the sea;

Noting straight away that "ports" suggested more than "poets", Auden let the slip stand. The names *that* ports have for the sea are likely to be functional as well as mythical, mistrustful as well as admiring, many-rooted rather than casually appropriate—in a word, serious. Or so we guess. Or so the unexpected ring of the word, its unpredictability in that context, leads us to conjecture—gives us *room* to conjecture. And this thinking-space, the parkland of imagination that existed in Auden's earlier manner, was what marked it out—and what he annihilated in forming his later manner. There have been artists who possessed some of Auden's magic and who went on to lose it, but it is hard to think of anyone who deliberately suppressed it. All conscious artists feel the urge to refine what is unique in their work, but few interpret this call to refine as a command to eliminate. Unless we are dealing with a self-destructive enthusiast—and Auden on the face of it can scarcely be categorized as one of those—then we are up against that most disciplined of all artistic adventurers, the man who gets sick of his own winning streak.

Pick up a Photostat of the 1928 *Poems* and read it through (it takes about twenty minutes): was there ever a more capacious young talent? It goes beyond precocity.

> We saw in Spring
> The frozen buzzard
> *Flipped down the weir and carried out to sea.*
> Before the trees threw shadows down in challenge
> To snoring midges.
> Before the autumn came
> To focus stars more sharply in the sky
>
> In Spring we saw
> The bulb pillow
> Raising the skull,
> Thrusting a crocus through clenched teeth.

Hindsight lends us prescience, but it is permissible to claim that merely on the basis of this passage's first three lines we would have pronounced the writer capable of virtually anything. The way the turn from the second line into the third kinetically matches the whole stated action is perfect and obviously instinctive—what other men occasionally achieve was all there as a gift.

> The *sprinkler* on the lawn
> Weaves a cool vertigo, and stumps are drawn; . . .

Elated by the effortless lyricism of a coup like this, we need to remember not just Auden's age, but the time. Yeats had not yet finished forming the compact musicality of his last phase, and the authoritative clarities of the first of Eliot's Quartets were still years away. Auden got this sonic drive absolutely from out of the blue. The plainest statement he could make seemed to come out as poetry:

> Nor was that final, for about that time
> Gannets blown over northward, going home . . .

It was a Shakespearean gift, not just in magnitude but in its unsettling—and unsettling especially to its possessor—characteristic of making anything said sound truer than true. In all of English poetry it is difficult to think of any other poet who turned out permanent work so early—and whose work seemed so tense with the obligation to be permanent. In his distinguished essay on Auden, John Bayley penetratingly pointed out that it was not in Auden's creative stance ever to admit to being young. What has not yet sufficiently been noticed is that it was not in the nature of Auden's talent to win sympathy by fumbling towards an effect—to claim the privileges of the not yet weathered, or traffic in the pathos of an art in search of its object. Instant accomplishment denied him a creative adolescence.

As always in Auden, ethics and techniques were bound up together. Barely out of his teens, he was already trying to discipline, rather than exploit, the artistic equivalent of a Midas touch. It is for this reason that the *Scrutiny* group's later limiting judgments and dismissals of Auden were wrong-headed as well as insensitive: they were branding as permanently undergraduate the one major modern gift which had never been content with its own cleverness for a moment. They missed the drama of Auden's career in the 1930s and 1940s, never realizing that the early obscurity and the later bookishness were both ways of distancing, rather than striving after, effect. The moral struggle in Auden was fought out between what was possible to his gift and what he thought allowable to it: the moralists, looking for struggles of a different kind, saw in his work

nothing but its declarative self-assurance. The more he worked for ironic poise, the more they detected incorrigible playfulness. Subsequent critical systems, had they been applied, would not have fared much better. Suppose, for example, that our standards of the desirable in poetry are based on the accurate registration of worldly things. We would think, in that case, that a man who had come from the frozen buzzards of 1928 to the etymological fossicking of 1972 had moved from the apex of an art to the base. But suppose the ability to send frozen birds flipping over the mind's weir came too easily to be gone on with? What then?

Doom is dark and deeper than any
sea-dingle.
Upon what man it fall
In spring, day-wishing flowers
appearing,
Avalanche sliding, white snow from
rock-face,
That he should leave his house,
No cloud-soft hand can hold him,
restraint by women;
But ever that man goes
Through place-keepers, through
forest trees,
A stranger to strangers over undried
sea,
Houses for fishes, suffocating water,
Or lonely on fell as chat,
By pot-holed becks
A bird stone-haunting, an unquiet
bird.

Quoted from the first public edition of *Poems*, this stanza was the kind of thing which made Auden the hero of the young intelligentsia. Noteworthy, though, is the way in which the enchanting declarative evocation discussed above is painstakingly avoided. The stanza's rhythmic progress is as dazzlingly erratic as a skyrocket toppled from its bottle. The switchback syntax, the Hardyesque hyphenated compounds—they pack things tight, and the reader is never once allowed to draw an inattentive breath. One of the many triumphs of Auden's first public volume was that this difficult verse came to be regarded as equally characteristic with the simpler felicities that were everywhere apparent.

Beams from your car may cross a
bedroom wall,
They wake no sleeper: you may hear
the wind
Arriving driven from the ignorant
sea
To hurt itself on pane, on bark of elm
Where sap unbaffled rises, being
spring;..

Merely to mention the headlight beams crossing the wall was enough to create them for the reader's dazzled eye. But Auden's maturity had already arrived: he was well aware that such moments were not to be thought of as the high points of poetry—rather as the rest points. Take, for example, these lines from "Prologue", the opening poem of his 1936 collection *Look, Stranger!*

And make us as Newton was, who
in his garden watching
The apple falling towards England,
became aware
Between himself and her of an
eternal tie.

The apple falling towards England is superb, but poetry which had such effects as a *raison d'être* would be a menace. This very instance has in fact come under critical attack—an accusation of decadence has been levelled. But it should be obvious that Auden had no intention of allowing such facility to become fatal. Set against it were the inhibitors; syntactical, grammatical, lexical. And with them they brought ambiguity, resonance, areas of doubt and discovery—all the things his later poetry was to lose. The suggestiveness of Auden's poetry lay in the tension between his primal lyricism and the means employed to discipline it. The suggestiveness couldn't survive if either term went missing. And eventually it was the lyricism that went.

Looking through the individual collections of Auden's poems, each in succession strikes us as transitional. On each occasion there seems to be a further move towards paraphrasable clarity. Even at the height of his bookish phase (in, say, *New Year Letter*) Auden is still being more narrowly clear than he was before. Gradually, as we read on to the end, we see what kind of progress this has been. It has been a movement away from excitement and towards satisfaction.

Epistle to a Godson is like *About the House* and *City Without Walls* in being utterly without the excitement we recognize as Audenesque. And yet it, like them, gives a peculiar satisfaction: the patriarch grunts, having seen much and come a long way. The book is flat champagne, but it's still champagne. Part of Auden's genius was to know the necessity of chastening his talent, ensuring that his poetry would be something more enduring than mere magic. The resource and energy he devoted to containing and condensing his natural lyricism provide one of the great dramas in modern literary history. Pick up *Look, Stranger!* or *Another Time*—they read like thrillers. Every poem instantly establishes its formal separateness from all the others. Through Auden's work we trace not just themes but different ways of getting something unforgettably said: the poem's workings are in the forefront of attention. Finally the contrast between the early and the late manners is itself part of the drama. To understand Auden fully, we need to understand how a man with the capacity to say anything should want to escape from the oppression of meaning too much. Late Auden is the completion of a technical evolution in which technique has always been thought of as an instrument of self-denial. What Auden means by the fetters of Self is the tyranny of an ungoverned talent, and his late poetry is a completed testament to the self-control which he saw the necessity for from the very start—the most commendable precocity of all.

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Ghost Town

I have located it, my ghost town—
A place of interminable afternoons,
Sad cottages, scythes rusting in the thatch;
Of so many hesitant surrenders to
Enfolding bog, the scuts of bog-cotton.

The few residents include one hermit
Persisting with a goat and two kettles
Among the bracken, a nervous spinster
In charge of the post office, a lighthouse-keeper
Who emerges to collect his groceries.

Since no one has got around to it yet
I shall restore the sign which reads CINEMA,
Rescue from the verge of invisibility
The faded stills of the last silent feature—
I shall become the local eccentric:

Already I have retired there to fill
Several gaps in my education—
The weather's ways, a handful of neglected
Pentatonic melodies and, after a while,
Dialect words for the parts of the body.

Indeed, with so much on my hands, family
And friends are definitely not welcome—
Although by the time I am accepted there
(A reputation and my own half-acre)
I shall have written another letter home.

MICHAEL LON[GLEY]

A Check-List of Recent Books

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[S]oft on Vietnam

[PA]UL MUS and JOHN McALISTER,

[Le]s Viêtnamiens et leur révolution

[Ed]ited by Serge Thion

[...]pp. Paris: Seuil. 29fr.

[FR]ANCES FITZGERALD:

[Fir]e in the Lake

[...]pp. Macmillan. £5.50.

[Pa]ul Mus was professor of South-east [As]ian Social History at the Collège de [Fr]ance and Yale University concurrently. Having been a Force-136 [p]arachutist in the Tonkin hills before [the] Japanese surrender, he was [cho]sen in May 1947 to contact Ho [Ch]i Minh in his hideout and to try [to] dissuade him from the bloodshed [he] was embarking on (like Mao Tse-[tun]g at that moment) as his chosen [roa]d to power. The mission failed; [it] was a mistake anyway to suppose [tha]t a man of Mus's gentleness was [cu]t out to deal with an "Uncle Ho" [as] unavuncular as his paragon, [U]ncle Joe". Out of his depth and [dis]appointed, Mus in 1952 produced [wha]t proved a seminal anti Vietnam [wa]r book, *Sociologie d'une guerre* [–] discursive, abstract, sentimental, [an]d in places mystical. Vietnamese [int]ellectuals of all persuasions, [wh]ile not pretending to under[sta]nd it, adored the book for some[ho]w sublimating their internecine [cru]elties. Both Hanoi and Saigon [ha]ve taken leaves from it in their [pro]jections of themselves to the [We]stern—though not to the Com[mu]nist—world.

John McAlister is one of Mus's [Am]erican students. He has re-arranged *Sociologie d'une guerre*, twenty years after, and replaced two or three of its chapters with essays of his own in similar vein, substituting America for France and his times for Mus's. That much was published in the United States before Mus died two years ago. This French edition also contains a letter from Mus, offered by his widow, narrating his Force-136 experience—not, regrettably, his encounter with Ho.

Books about Vietnam must have topped the thousand mark by now; notoriously, multiplication has done more to magnify early errors and misunderstandings than to correct them. If American presidents, officials and soldiers have not risen adequately to the challenge of Vietnam, the "media" have fallen even farther short. Frances Fitzgerald takes the unsatisfactory state of the Vietnam literature as her point of departure. Does she do any better? Her title is quaint, but is it illuminating?

Freelancing in Saigon for a few months in 1966, she was shocked, like many liberal journalists before her, by the shortcomings of the society she watched, so unworthy of costly American protection, and by the apparent insensitivity of American officials and soldiers. On her return home, she went to study Vietnam under Mus; his courses inspired *Fire in the Lake.*

Most of the scandal Miss Fitzgerald retells in her effusive and confident style is no doubt true, but she attempts no methodical analysis of political behaviour or discussion of political issues. Again, like many before her, she seems monotonously intent on nest-fouling. Her criterion when choosing sources seems to be whether they support the thesis she is urging rather than whether their authors were in any position to know; there is no weighing of conflicting evidence, and she rejects out of hand Robert Thompson's account of his own work even in Malaysia. Her several explanations of linguistic points take her, painfully, out of her depth—for example, that Ho Chi Minh preferred "socialist" to "communist" (but did he?) out of patriotism, the Vietnamese word for the first being pure Vietnamese, that for the second borrowed from Chinese; actually the two words are equally Chinese, though coined in Japan.

Miss Fitzgerald's thesis is that the Vietnamese Communists are in pursuit of an overdue social revolution, not political power. American advocacy of democracy and the open society has been incomprehensible to the Vietnamese people, who yearn traditionally for discipline; the Communists are strong because they are conscious heirs to authoritarian Confucian social attitudes. The key to the present conflict, Miss Fitzgerald goes on, lies in the mysteries of the Chinese *Book of Changes*; but she quotes no sinologist (Mus was not one) to support her interpretation (based on an English translation made from a German one) of "fire" and "lake" in that ancient fortune-teller's handbook, nor any evidence that there even exists a Vietnamese edition of it, let alone that the Marxist-Leninists of the Hanoi politburo have ever paid attention to it.

It is sad how many liberals today have come to the conclusion, since decolonization, that a collectivized, secretive, and totalitarian society is "the only thing natives understand".

[G]ive or take 50 million

[LE]O A. ORLEANS:

[Ev]ery Fifth Child: The Population [of] China

[...]pp including 5 maps and 16 tables. [Ey]re Methuen. £2.95.

[JOI]NT ECONOMIC COMMITTEE: [CO]NGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES:

[Pe]ople's Republic of China: An [Ec]onomic Assessment

[...]pp. United States Government [Pri]nting Office. $1.75.

[Wh]en Leo Orleans's book was being [dis]tributed by his publishers, an [off]icial pocket atlas of the Carto[gra]phical Institute in Peking had just [rea]ched London. The carto[gra]phers in Peking took China's [pop]ulation, in 1970, to be just short [of 8]00 million (including those resid[ing] on the island of Taiwan). [Aga]inst this, Mr Orleans of the Lib[rar]y of Congress gave an estimate of [...] million for those living on the [ma]inland in 1970—the difference [bein]g roughly as large as the popula[tion] of Britain. No wonder that, like [the]ir "diviners, augurs and [so]othsayers", Mr Orleans saw himself [in] Dante's Eighth Circle of Hell, [wit]h his head "twisted completely [rou]nd". But can we, on Dante's [advi]ce, afford to leave as important [a m]atter as the world's largest popu[latio]n "to God alone"? Li Hsien-[nien], China's Vice-Premier, does not [seem] to think so. Contradicting—by [impl]ication—his country's carto[gra]phers, in talking to some distin[guis]hed Japanese visitors he sided, [by i]nference, with Mr Orleans; [Chi]na's population, he said, was [li]ttle more than 750 million. As he [and] the curiously conflicting esti[ma]tes of China's various government [dep]artments, he, if anybody, must [kno]w best. In his book Mr Orleans [dea]ls competently with such varying [asp]ects as China's vital statistics, [...]n migration and national minori[ties]. The point of his pen is less on [targ]et when, in a mere ten pages, he [disp]oses of China's food and farming [pro]blems.

[A] different view of China's popu[lati]on is taken by John S. Aird of [the] US Bureau of Census, who has [con]tributed a mammoth chapter on [pop]ulation policy and demographic [pros]pects to the Congressional Re[port] on China, the second since the [Joi]nt Economic Committee turned terra incognita of American foreign policy. Though Mr Aird admits that China's demographic prospects are still in doubt, he holds steadfastly to the view that China's population is substantially larger than the country's officials claim. He takes it to have been 836 million in 1970, or larger by one-tenth than Li Hsien-nien's and Mr Orleans's estimates. Mr Aird has apparently never considered the possibility of inflated claims in some of the hundreds of thousands of villages where within the time limit set it proved impossible to carry out a door-to-door census in 1953 and where recourse was had to the most recent registration available. This happened to be the record made at the time of the post-revolutionary land reform when the temptation to exaggerate their numbers must have been well nigh impossible to resist for cultivators hoping to raise their claim for a few acres of land.

The conflict of views between demographers of different persuasions is more than academic. Not only are absolute numbers at stake, e g, Mr Aird's 937-941 million in 1975 against Mr Orleans's 800 million. Equally important is the effect of their widely differing assumptions on other aspects of the Chinese scene, such as the rural and urban work force, the number of non-earning dependants, the educational task, the military potential and the per capita output of industrial goods and foodstuffs. The higher the population estimate, the greater is the temptation to accept without question official claims of farm output and, conversely, the weaker appears to be the country's industrial performance per capita.

In its sober assessment of the agricultural scene, by A. L. Erisman, the Congressional Report has avoided the temptation to overstate the success of the "agriculture-first" policy, introduced in 1961 after the failure of the Great Leap Forward. The combined effect of controlled irrigation of one-fifth of the sown area and of some fifteen kilos of nitrogen, or one-tenth of the amount used in Western Europe and Japan per hectare of crop land, has been favourable, though this year, owing to adverse weather conditions, the barn yield of grain may exceed only fractionally the 200 million tons attained at the end of the 1960s. Thus imports may once [...] tons of wheat. So even allowing for a modest saving from the export of, say, one million tons of rice, the drain on China's foreign exchange is likely to be substantial. The Congressional Report falls short of calculating the average national food intake. On the basis of data given, this can be calculated to be close on 2,200 calories from all sources or moderately more than before the Great Leap Forward.

In its sections on industrial development (R. M. Field), the electronics industry (P. D. Reichers), transport (P. W. Vetterling and J. J. Wagy) and science and technology (L. A. Orleans), the Report shows a healthy respect for what, in spite of two periods of social and political upheaval, China has achieved in the past two decades. Some of the pessimism of the previous Congressional Report has disappeared. Even so, if "in times of disruption and poor performance the recuperative capabilities of Chinese society have been underestimated", the danger of erring in times of recovery in the opposite direction is just as real. The Report under review has not entirely avoided this danger. John Hardt's warning, in the summary, against extrapolation of currently favourable trends does not seem to have been taken heed of in some sections of the Report. R. M. Field presents some carefully calculated amendments of his industrial index published previously, but for recent years he has perhaps accepted a little too readily official claims. These do not seem to allow for alien ingredients, waste and deterioration of goods produced in small plants which necessarily lack some of the skills, the equipment and the storage facilities of large-scale industry.

A. G. Ashbrook's calculation of China's overall economic performance is the most daring part of the survey. It covers agriculture and industry, but not domestic trade or public utilities. As Mr Ashbrook is the first to admit, the conversion of an index of this kind into a series of gross national product data, in terms of United States dollars, is the most questionable part of the exercise. At $150 the gross national product *per capita* seems over-optimistic. On the basis of Li Hsien-nien's population estimate, it would be $170—an improbably high figure for a country which, by its own account, is still a developing country with a relatively backward economy.

EYRE METHUEN

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Tilts at reaction

PETER GREEN :

The Shadow of the Parthenon

Studies in Ancient History and Literature

288pp. Temple Smith. £3.

Although the contents of *The Shadow of the Parthenon* are well worth reading, it is questionable whether they ought to have been published in this form. Collected articles, with nothing particular to connect them, do not really constitute a book, which ought surely to have a beginning, a middle and an end. Peter Green shows his awareness of this, asking us nevertheless to accept his offering "as a critical selection and reappraisal of his views over a twelve-year period".

And this, on balance, we should be prepared to do, since he is one of the most lively and alert of those who write about the classics today. In addition to his recent books about Salamis, Alexander, and the Athenian expedition to Sicily, he has published a collection of articles once before, *Essays in Antiquity*. Among other things, it contained a swingeing attack on the classical teaching profession, or a large part of it, for conservatism and stuffiness. This made a point, but was overdone. Yet, he says,

> when I wrote *Essays in Antiquity*, I was a free-lance maverick flaying the professors ; now the whirligig of time brings in its revenges, and I write (though still not quite adjusted to the condition) as a professor myself.

Nevertheless, we need not be too much worried that a good man is lost to the cause of progress, because Professor Green still has it very much to heart, and the modern scholars whose names appear in his pages are usually pretty clearly divided in his own mind (though sometimes with appropriate qualifications) between goodies and baddies. This sometimes becomes a little wearisome, though it must be said, in all fairness, that this process of classification does score some points and keep everyone up to the mark by not letting reactionary slovenliness rear its head unpunished.

Incidentally, there are too many names mentioned, in one context or another. Since the book is about classical literature, we may, perhaps, be willing to learn that much of it was burnt during Gregory VII's papacy, and that we owe this information to Scaliger, confirmed by Demetrius Chalcocondylas. But does Professor Green tell his students at Austin, Texas, this sort of thing: "The claims of the ideal, as Gregers Werle found, can lead one into some very odd *galères*"? A search in the index, in which Werle fails to figure, does not allay that *déjà vu* feeling that one is reading again those (otherwise) wonderful early novels of Aldous Huxley crammed with the names of Italian painters. More seriously, has Professor Green considered, at all systematically, who are the people he is intending to write for? Surely he does not want to write only for those who can readily place Gregers Werle?

The book contains seven essays, mainly reprinted (with considerable alterations) from *The Times Literary Supplement* and other journals. "The Shadow of the Parthenon" tilts entertainingly at what the author regards as the inflated renown of Pericles. "Clio Reviewed", a survey of progress and reaction in Greek historiography, contains two sections—"The Conservative Romantics" and "Thucydides and the Lure of Empire"—both of which track down signs of un-progressiveness among older contemporaries. "Athens and Jerusalem" has something to say about "historical loose thinking on the part of Christian historians (and examples could be multiplied almost ad infinitum)".

"Myths and Symbols" pins down some of the wilder recent essays in this hazardous field; but it was written too early to discuss G. S. Kirk's *Myth* except in a footnote, where fitting tribute is paid to Kirk for refusing to espouse universalist or monadic theories, and persisting in a sceptical approach towards "Lévi-Strauss' excessive addiction to abstract generalizations". "The Individual Voice" is mainly about Archilochus and Sappho (on whom Professor Green has written a novel). "The First Sicilian Slave War" is a useful contribution to an interesting subject.

Then, finally, comes "Juvenal and his Age", including replies to those who disagreed with Professor Green's thesis, expressed in the introduction to his Penguin Classic edition of Juvenal, that it is possible, as Gilbert Highet has already argued, to extract some biographical information about Juvenal from what he says in his poems. Not everyone will find Professor Green's tone very helpful ("fashionable literary nonsense", "failure to do his homework", "portentous rubbish"), but it seems probable that he and Highet are right, provided that they do not carry the detection of such biographical allusions too far.

Catullan cruxes

KENNETH QUINN :

Catullus : An Interpretation

305pp. Batsford. £4.50.

A modern interpretation of Catullus is obviously desirable. No ancient poet is closer to us or more curiously difficult. The simple rhythm of his passions and feelings communicates immediately to anyone who knows Latin, and already in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries Catullus had generated fragments of translation which are excellent English poems. He has in a high degree the qualities of the best medieval Latin poetry. But he has other qualities as well, and within his narrow scope he is as dense, allusive and complicated as any other poet in history. Kenneth Quinn is a specialist in Catullus, not an old-fashioned classical savant but an interpreter inspired by the liveliness of his subject. Happily, since the edition by R. A. B. Mynors, in 1958, "the battle of manuscripts is over", and what is now needed is scholarly attention, intelligence and passion. Professor Quinn is strong in these qualities.

His analysis of the different kinds of poetry is an important piece of groundwork ; nothing in it is unfamiliar to scholars, his translations are insensitive, and his modern allusions are out of place, but his serious opinions are reasoned and convincing. He has acquired in a lifetime of study a certain degree of information and an inwardness with his subject which rise out of other aspects of his writing like Neptune out of the sea. He strongly attacks Eric Havelock on the subject of the supposedly universal "lyricism" of Catullus ; this attack is not surprising, nor very interesting, but Professor Quinn makes his case, and if anyone was deluded by Havelock's odd view, he will here be corrected. What is uncertain is whether Professor Quinn's own theory of interlocking or overlapping sequences and categories will be clear enough to be much followed by future scholars. And yet some such solution appeals to a common-sense reader. There is no doubt that Professor Quinn has a keen critical sense ; he is if anything too respectful to other critics, and the modern analogies of which he is fond are misleading, but in the end he is right-minded.

Unfortunately his analysis of specific poems is neither profound nor very subtle. It is a back-breaking task to comment on the rather simple Lesbia poems ; Professor Quinn establishes a thematic, almost but not quite a dramatic continuity, but his points of language and poetry are more banal. If art is to conceal art then Catullus has been successful in these poems against many generations of scholars. The attempt to revive the question of whether Clodia equals Lesbia is, of course, foredoomed to a negative result, and to that result Professor Quinn conducts it.

And yet there are other things to be said about these poems. We still await and hunger for the minute critic who will show us how the poems are contrived. The art of literary criticism is after all not to parade the indisputable but to produce revelations of concealed art. By the highest standards this book has failed ; but how possible are the highest standards for dead authors ? What kind of genius have we a right to demand ? We ought to be grateful enough for the text of Catullus ; for the failure utterly to exhaust his poetry everyone is equally to blame ; Professor Quinn has at least contributed, and in most of Catullus's many directions.

Kind thoughts

FRANCIS CAIRNS :

Generic Composition in Greek and Roman Poetry

331pp. Edinburgh University Press. £5.

There is a problem in principle about the modern literary criticism of ancient writers. On the one hand, if antiquity is to be possessed or rediscovered or taken seriously, it must be subject to every illuminating modern technique : we should be able to discuss Propertius as we discuss Baudelaire. On the other hand, intrusive modern concerns contribute little to antiquity, which is interesting partly because it is the same, partly because it is so different from ourselves : there is no point in talking about Propertius as if he were Baudelaire. The clue to the ancient understanding of writers, which was a late flower but may help us, is the division of literature into kinds : so that each kind had its own rules and limits and momentum and possibilities. This has been known since the Renaissance, and the judgment of Aristotle that tragedy died when it had fully attained its nature is famous.

Is it possible to build a useful literary criticism on the ancient categories, and to establish objectively the degree of merit or originality of any given piece of ancient writing in terms of its kind ? One may be forgiven for doubting the possibility, or at least for doubting whether such blunt critical tools can reveal ancient literature in the interesting way in which, for example, modern poetry has often been revealed. The excellence of the writers is not in doubt ; but literary criticism spreads its wings only with the fall of darkness, and it is doubtful whether classical Greek poets were as conscious of the theory of kinds or Augustan poets as obedient to it as critics, a more mean-witted tribe. Since indeed a kind of writing was not and could not in principle be static in the hands of a great writer, the foundations of this whole type of analysis, interesting as it is, will hardly bear a heavy structure. Consider only how Horace, let alone Homer, moved between one [illegible] another.

Francis Cairns plunge[illegible] into his subject. He show[illegible] usefulness and the [illegible] generic studies ; he right[illegible] that their enemy has bee[illegible] of historical developmen[illegible] self regards the whole [illegible] as comparatively "a time[illegible] Scholars will take positi[illegible] against this view on gro[illegible] are not those of literary [illegible] but it is legitimate to n[illegible] ranges himself roughly [illegible] Hugh Lloyd-Jones, who[illegible] *of Zeus* stresses contin[illegible] posed to development in [illegible] gion, but against such [illegible] Mommsen. He believes [illegible] genres are "as old as [illegible] societies" and universal ; he accepts the fact of de[illegible] but this is explained in [illegible] social, terms, and he [illegible] interesting ancient opini[illegible] a development was [illegible] generic rules and repeated [illegible] There is no better way [illegible] a theory of this kind than [illegible] by what intensity of light [illegible] ates particular passages [illegible] continuity and developm[illegible] surely be real, and either [illegible] onably be stressed by [illegible] writer.

Mr Cairns comes rather [illegible] of this test. His criticism [illegible] ful, sharp and strong. Th[illegible] increased sense of awa[illegible] ancient writing is never [illegible] suous or thrilling, it has [illegible] with what we expect or [illegible] ancient as from modern [illegible] terribly dry and it carri[illegible] a jejune notion of origi[illegible] intellectually the exercis[illegible] lating. One is tempted to [illegible] so long as no one confus[illegible] literary criticism, with [illegible] of a poem, the breath of [illegible] or the dark glass of a [illegible] is a respectable enterprise [illegible] ful book. In pointing to [illegible] berate and subtle variation[illegible] within the limits of a [illegible] Cairns has put a sharp w[illegible] the hands of readers. But [illegible] critic in any other subject [illegible] classics, let alone an histo[illegible] reasonably complain that [illegible] had been begged.

Problems in ston[illegible]

BERNARD ASHMOLE :

Architect and Sculptor in Classical Greece

218pp. Phaidon. £5.50.

Olympia, Parthenon, Mausoleum—these three are Greek sculpture to the ordinary man, and they span the classical period in the strict sense between the Persian Wars and the death of Alexander. It is therefore excellent to have them interpreted in popular style by an expert and illustrated by good photographs ; some by Alison Frantz are superb, and a number of excellent details of the Parthenon and Mausoleum were taken by Professor Ashmole himself, who was working in London from 1929 to 1956.

The strong points of *Architect and Sculptor in Classical Greece* are two : an awareness of the physical problems involved in erecting a large building with sculptural decoration, and a nice appreciation of the art of the sculptor shown in the individual figure. In each case we are taken from planning through quarrying to erection and finishing. For Olympia this leads to the very interesting conclusion that much of the sculpture may have been carved in the quarries at Paros by local sculptors under the direction of the designers. For the Parthenon Professor Ashmole is able to construct a detailed timetable with suggestions of what may have been carved on the ground and what can only have been carved on the building. For instance, the east frieze over the entrance to the Parthenon is made of very special long blocks which may have been carved or at any rate started on the ground.

The ordinary reader might have liked more about the designers and their subjects. The problem is particularly acute for Olympia. It is difficult to believe that on the east pediment of the temple of Zeus Pelops won his victory by trea[illegible] the figure identified as the [illegible] ous charioteer is no more [illegible] than the boy at the head [illegible] team. The contempora[illegible] merely says that Pelops [illegible] strong Oinomaos, and it [illegible] that here, too, the design[illegible] want the spectator to rem[illegible] treachery. Professor Ash[illegible] tions in passing the parallel [illegible] the Theseus of the west [illegible] and a contemporary Attic [illegible] evidence, of which this is [illegible] suggests that the west pedi[illegible] decorated with an Attic [illegible] ceived in a new Attic man[illegible] with the fact that Pheidias [illegible] missioned to make the [illegible] this may mean that the [illegible] statesman Kimon, who [illegible] called after Elis, did fo[illegible] what the Alkmaionidai had [illegible] Delphi half a century earli[illegible]

The detailed observations [illegible] individual figures from [illegible] buildings are extremely [illegible] revealing. Although Profe[illegible] mole forgets to tell us anyth[illegible] the subjects of the pedime[illegible] Parthenon, he does find roo[illegible] tion some modern theories [illegible] frieze, and comes down [illegible] the view that it represent[illegible] ginal institution of the [illegible] peplos rather than a con[illegible] celebration. And in disc[illegible] Mausoleum, where Pliny's [illegible] four great sculptors each [illegible] charge of one side has led to [illegible] sorting and resorting of the [illegible] since they were discovered, [illegible] carefully avoids committin[illegible] but he does identify four [illegible] the Amazon frieze and d[illegible] their styles. One of them [illegible] both Herakles and Theseus [illegible] must have had a central p[illegible] one side. It also establish[illegible] ject of the whole as the [illegible] battle in the First Trojan w[illegible]

This is a very importa[illegible] which should itself become [illegible]

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How to be better if not actually perfect

[illegible]HN PASSMORE :

[illegible]e Perfectibility of Man

[illegible]6pp. Duckworth. Paperback, £1.95.

There was a time when British writers were notably active in the field of the history of ideas. About half of H. T. Buckle's *History of Civilization* is devoted to the progress of "intellect" in England, France, Spain and Scotland; W. E. H. Lecky's books on European morals and the spirit of rationalism accumulated a mass of information ; J. B. Bury's *The Idea of Progress* followed the career of a particular notion. In these works a liberal progressivism was expressed that is hostile to theological dogma and religious authoritarianism. A more direct hostility to religion itself pervades the work of such lesser historians of thought as A. W. Benn, J. M. Robertson and the American, J. W. Draper, whose *Intellectual Development of Europe*, Bertrand Russell wrote of himself when young, "especially inspired my enthusiasm".

This tradition seems to have faded away with the kind of enlightened optimism about the supersession of religion by science which prompted it. The failure of the liberal utopia to materialize in our grim century has been associated with a widespread disbelief in the historical efficacy of ideas. Historians, whether Marxist or Namierite, have concentrated their attention on material interests. At the same time philosophy has been going through a period of pronounced indifference to its own history, in this country at any rate. So the two professions from which historians of ideas might have been recruited have been preoccupied in a way that ruled out its continuation.

John Passmore's *The Perfectibility of Man*, which has recently come out in paperback (the cloth edition, published in 1970, is still available at £5.25), is very much a reviver of the tradition of secular rationalism mentioned above. After a somewhat unsystematic first chapter in which eight senses of perfection are enumerated, Professor Passmore seems to be concerned with the simply descriptive task of bringing together and arranging all the main expressions of his chosen theme in the history of European thought from Plato to Teilhard de Chardin and Marshall McLuhan.

But in the book's last two chapters a committed and polemical stance is taken up which reveals the predominantly descriptive material of their predecessors in a new light. In chapter thirteen the main story is brought nearly up to date with an account of the tormented rejection of standard, secular perfectionism in the anti-Utopias of Zamyatin, Aldous Huxley and George Orwell. The dreadful ant-hills they predicted were obtained by simply extrapolating the current tendencies of applied science and ever-increasing division of labour. They take secular progress, carried to the limit, to imply a horrible dehumanization. At this point, Professor Passmore, omitting the loose, controversial and commonly question-begging nature of the concept of dehumanization, nevertheless puts forward what he offers as a broadly acceptable definition of it. Men are dehumanized, he says, to the extent that their consideration for one another is diminished or their capacity for imaginative, civilized achievement is obstructed.

At this point the argument is turned round to face the opposite, religious menace to essential humanity, the ideals that would try to make man a god rather than a machine. In chapter fourteen the mystic's arguments for renunciation of the world, with its anxious and transitory affections, and for an ultimately self-annihilating contemplation of, and even absorption into, God are confronted and held to be equally dehumanizing in their implications. The fact that human goods, the condition and objects of human love, are not eternal does not in the least show they are not good at all. The care and anxiety that are bound up with human love for an object are not defects but the essential constituent that serves to distinguish love properly so called from mere passive enjoyment. At the end of this chapter there is an ingenious, somewhat vertiginously dialectical, and certainly informal, web of argument in which the outward surface of work, play and love—that is to say, toil, sport and erotic activity—is played off against their inward essence as creative production, achievement for its own sake and protective concern. The latter are the true human goods. Love, for example, is known only in its external form by Casanova, for whom it is a game, or Don Juan, for whom it is work.

In the final chapter those conclusions are brought to bear on the new religiosity of the counter-culture, on Norman O. Brown's call for a reversion to polymorphously perverse infantilism, on the view that drug intoxication is a gateway to expanded consciousness, on the ecstatic annihilation of the private individual in McLuhan's global village. Professor Passmore defends the Enlightenment ideal of the concerned, self-improving, autonomous man against what he sees as a suicidal overreaction to all the signs around us that the dystopians were right, that "1984" is not much further away than 1984.

This is a practical, rather insistently masculine ideal. There is quite a lot, indeed, in this book to antagonize feminists. Writing of the recurrent image of the mystic's relation to God as that of bride to groom, Professor Passmore says : "It is perhaps not surprising that, although women have made no contribution whatever to 'intellectual' theology, so many of the leading mystics . . . have been women." Of the current revival of interest in the occult he writes : "Its recrudescence demonstrates just how little scientific thinking has penetrated our society, particularly, perhaps, the feminine segment of our society. (The women's journals are the great propagators of occultism.)" He is resolutely hostile to the convergence of the sexes, to unisexuality in clothing, behaviour and erotic role, seeing in it another mode of reversion to infancy. Germaine Greer is not mentioned in his book, but it would be interesting to read his opinion of *The Female Eunuch* ; and her reply.

The Socrates of Australia

In the preface Professor Passmore writes : "I should like to acknowledge once more my enormous indebtedness to the late Professor John Anderson." The influence of that great Australian teacher, the Socrates of a generation of Australian intellectuals of which Professor Passmore is a distinguished member, is very much present in this book, although he is nowhere directly cited in the text. Anderson was a thorough-going realist who believed that the world consisted of material things in space and time about which reliable knowledge could be obtained only by the rational methods of science. This comes out here in Professor Passmore's radically incredulous, although creditably patient, attitude towards the supernatural and in his deep antagonism towards quietist ideals of life which require detachment from the world of actively usable things and from the fellow-humans we know as bodies around us.

Secondly, Anderson was a highly libertarian thinker, a dedicated opponent of what he called "moralism". Acknowledging, indeed categorically affirming, that certain things are knowably good, such as productive work and scientific knowledge, he detested the notion of obligation, and regarded the appeal to it involved in telling people what they ought to do as an interference with their freedom. Professor Passmore does not embrace the apparently self-refuting implication that therefore one *ought* to leave people alone to pursue good, or evil, in their own way, but there are resonant Andersonian echoes in his insistence on the intrinsic goodness of truly human loves ; "the quality of a society", he says, "depends on the quality of the loves it exhibits and fosters", and the good ones, in his view, are "the love of one's work, of one's friends, of works of art, of scientific and technological achievements, of justice, of political freedom, of one's community, one's wife, one's children". What of love for one's neighbours ? Passmore holds it to be presumptuous, rather in the spirit of Shaw's remark, "Do not do unto others as you wish they would do unto you, their tastes may be different." The proper attitude is consideration.

Mysticism and mechanization are not the only enemies of Professor Passmore's ideal of the free, responsible, autonomous man, who, by seeking to perfect man, would dehumanize him, that he confronts. Against the secular programmes of perfection of such environmentalists of the Enlightenment as Locke and Helvétius, who took men to be indefinitely malleable by the influences of education, law or eugenics, he relies on the unanswerable question : Who is to perfect the perfectors ? Rousseau at least saw that the question arises, even if he could answer it only with his myth of the Legislator. Professor Passmore persuasively argues that a prime ground for the confidence in progress of the intellectuals of the Enlightenment was the fact of their own emergence as a self-conscious class. Proud of their knowledge, they took it to be a sufficient guarantee of their virtue.

In this part of Professor Passmore's work the influence of Karl Popper is manifest. Overall, indeed, it is second only to that of Anderson, which to some extent it overlaps and reinforces. Both are hostile to ultimates and final solutions, both see men as ineluctably finite beings, engaged on the open-ended and incompletable tasks of enlarging knowledge and improving the human condition. The necessary imperfectibility they ascribe to knowledge and society Professor Passmore ascribes to man himself. The unachievable perfections they denounced they saw as leading to metaphysical illusion and despotism ; the actual outcome of the kinds of perfectibilism about man that Professor Passmore discusses is the transformation of men into dehumanized monsters : anchorites, schizoid idiots, machine parts, ecstatic infants.

It would be altogether misleading to lay too much emphasis on the polemical implications of *The Perfectibility of Man*. It is, after all, for very much the greater part of its considerable length a straight, if ingeniously arranged, account of a long tradition of thought. The story begins with the all too imperfect gods of early Greek religion. For all their human qualities it was not they, but the heroes, who were held up as exemplars. With Plato and Aristotle divinity becomes at once unified and more abstract and also comes into closer relation with ideal human conduct. For Aristotle the only suitable activity for God is contemplation of himself. For man to perfect himself he must become like God by contemplating him. With the Stoics man, or his essential rational element, becomes a part of God. With this set of ideas European man is equipped for mysticism as the most beatific form of human experience and for the monastic ideal of renunciation of the world.

A new insistence on the radical imperfection of man on earth and his absolute dependence on God is introduced with Augustine's stress on original sin. Professor Passmore sees his contention with Pelagianism as a recurrent theme of Christian thought, turning as it does on a basic instability in the Christian account of the relations between God and man. If all human improvement is due to divine grace, then what is the point of moral effort ? If men can improve themselves by their own efforts of will, then God is superfluous. There is a similar instability about the Christian view of the body, which oscillates between the Gnostic extreme of regarding the world and the flesh as intrinsically evil, and the pantheist opposite of taking all of God's creation to be sacred.

Readers of Professor Passmore's previous books—his brief but substantial treatises on Cudworth and Hume, his splendid history of philosophy in the past hundred years, and his perceptive survey of the main styles of philosophical reasoning—will be prepared for the ease and elegance of the writing, which is here as before approachably conversational and yet at the same time fresh and distinctive.

Conclusions without arguments

Professor Passmore has himself been rather sternly critical of historians of philosophy who set out the conclusions of the thinkers they survey without adequate development of the arguments by which they were reached. He could reasonably defend himself against the charge of failing to adhere to this precept himself by saying that, while it applies to histories of technical philosophy, his subject here is philosophy in a much wider sense—that is to say, the very general opinions about human nature and conduct which permeate the moral and social thinking of an age.

There is, however, a marked lack of philosophical rigour of the more technical kind in the list of varieties of human perfection given in the first chapter. Eight are enumerated : perfection in a task or function, total subordination to God's will, attaining a natural end, freedom from moral defect, metaphysical perfection, aesthetic harmony and order, resembling an ideal exemplar such as Socrates or Christ and, finally, becoming like God. There is plainly no single *principium divisionis* in this classification. Some of the items seem to be species of others. One at least, that of resembling an ideal exemplar, is clearly secondary and parasitic on some criterion by which the perfection of the exemplar is established.

Now this could well seem an important deficiency, since the unity and coherence of the whole project could be thought to depend on the availability of a definition of human perfection by reference to which it could be decided whether or not a particular doctrine fell within the scope of the book. In fact no such definition is provided, but perhaps one is not needed. An explicit definition would certainly help to *establish* the book's unity, but it could still *possess* unity without containing a proof that it does so. As it happens, we have to rely on Professor Passmore's intellectual taste, his intuitive sense for moral absolutism. But this appears to be fairly reliable. In the thickly-populated procession of thinkers he parades before the reader there are no obviously arbitrary inclusions or omissions.

It is natural that, as soon as opinions about how men should live are brought together into a systematic form, definitive of the good life as a whole, the idea of the best possible life for man should present itself. Professor Passmore's engrossing survey of variations on this theme concludes that, just as metaphysical obsession with the whole truth disastrously depreciates the truth we can actually attain, the absolutist's commitment to perfection disparages the solid goods that are within our reach. In action as in knowledge, *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*.

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Austria-Hungary searches for a role

Almost alone among states, Austria-Hungary lacked internal definition. She therefore needed external definition to survive, and hence her endless search for some role. At its best, this made Austria an important part of the concert of Europe; at its worst, it meant sacrificing reality to appearances in true Viennese style. In 1866 Mensdorff, explaining a decision that can only be regarded as crazy—to fight for Venetia after ceding it—said that Austria must combat nationalism, otherwise Rumanians and Serbs might prefer to join their national homes: "We are determined to take our position in defence of our principles and our rights which are based on treaties." He never stopped to wonder whether Rumanians and Serbs were worth this grand display of principle. Here was a country uniquely dependent on the balance of power, and on the traditional virtues. But the outcome would find Austria-Hungary fighting to subvert both. She had survived by defending Western civilization against the Turks. She collapsed after failing to defend it against the Germans. In a not unusual combination, men of principle found themselves prisoners of the thug they had hired to defend them.

From Sadowa to Sarajevo, the first study of Austro-Hungarian foreign policy for many years, deals with a vital subject, and fills an important gap. It is in many ways a highly successful book. F. R. Bridge has brought to it many gifts. He writes well, has mastered all the languages, and has woven confused, voluminous and difficult sources into a sustained and elegant narrative. This is, in its way, almost the only book that makes truly clear what the various Balkan imbroglios were really about: Macedonia and Albania are expounded with clarity and skill. Though there are "structural" asides, the book is essentially a narrative, but the author has throughout been aware of the non-diplomatic factors affecting what he has to say.

In the narrative itself, this reviewer could find fault, tentatively, in one or two places only. It is surely wrong to suggest that "the whole of Hungary" was opposed to intervention, in 1870, at the side of France. Diószegi's work has shown that numbers of Liberal Hungarians were extremely perturbed at the prospect of Prussian victory, and anxious to do something about it. That Austria failed to intervene against Prussia was more a reflection of the European situation than the Austro-Hungarian one: Russia, perhaps Italy, were threatening, and in any case the Prussians won before the Austrians could make up their minds. Again, it is too much to say that the Austro-Hungarian Navy did not develop much because "few Hungarians had seen the sea". This was also true of Germans; and in any case Hungarians were deeply concerned with Fiume. The Habsburgs did not have much of a Navy for the same reason that they did not have much of an Army: they could not organize it, and in any case could hardly find the money, when a Dreadnought cost twice as much as the Lusitania. On similar lines, Dr Bridge ought not to commit himself to the view, without further examination, that Austrian social legislation created a grave hindrance to exporters. This is an old song, but not the truer for its age.

Still, this narrative, overall, is both accurate and readable. There is also an able introduction, discussing some of the more structural problems. Dr Bridge does not have many illusions about Austria-Hungary, even though he makes some optimistic-sounding remarks about the period before 1914. He recognizes that Austro-Hungarian options were narrow, and this has enabled him to write a book from a fitting perspective. He shows that foreign policy was made by a narrow circle, dominated by Franz Joseph; that public opinion was not much more than noises off, seldom even that. He knows about the methods of recruitment and the size of salaries in the diplomatic machine, and surveys the kind of education foreign office officials might be expected to have. "Special relationships" between Berlin and Budapest are dismissed. The Berlin embassy was usually filled with Hungarians; many of the Ballhaus officials were Hungarians; the Hungarian government even ran a commercial office of its own in Germany. But the Hungarians in question were *kaisertreu*, and there was never much difference between their views and those of their colleagues. The Austro-German alliance was a class affair, particularly in 1917, rather than a purely national one.

The great decision of the period covered by Dr Bridge was the Austro-German alliance. This did not seem to be the case at the time—both Andrássy and Bismarck so little appreciated the long-term significance of what they were doing that they failed to record any convincing reason for doing it. Certainly the alliance had few military teeth. Archduke Albrecht travelled to Berlin and bored the Germans about the eastern front. There was some empty strategic talk in the 1890s. After that both sides were silent until 1909, when a portentous Teutonic correspondence was opened between Moltke and Conrad, which in the event both men tried to ignore—in Moltke's case, successfully. Both sides tried, in fact, to get out of serious alliance.

F. R. BRIDGE:
From Sadowa to Sarajevo
The Foreign Policy of Austria-Hungary, 1866-1914.
480pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £6.

Both were none the less driven into it, to the point that Germany would go to war with Europe in order to keep Austria-Hungary in existence. It is easy to see why Austria-Hungary needed Germany: there was no one else. It is not so easy to see why Germany tied herself to the Habsburgs, with their Polish pipe-dreams and their homunculus-Albania. The shadow of Wilhelmine Germany lies long over Dr Bridge's book; and it is a measure of his skill that he can make a convincing narrative out of decisions that were often secondary to those of Berlin.

This book is particularly good on the 1870s and again on the ten years or so before the First World War—though in the latter Dr Bridge is perhaps too kind to Aehrenthal. Comparison between these two periods is interesting. In both, the future of Turkey and, to some extent, of Austria were in question; both produced a Russo-German clash, to which the Austrians contributed their preposterous Bosnian noise-off. In the 1870s, Reichstadt-Budapest-Berlin settled the crisis; in the years before 1914, there was no repeat performance. In part this was of course because German attitudes changed. But at least in part it was the result of a factor that Dr Bridge might have mentioned rather more—the extraordinary change, between 1871 and 1914, of military calculations, in particular those affecting Russia. Military planning in the 1870s, and even for the next generation, did not have much urgency about it. In the 1890s Obruchev, head of the Russian General Staff, even said there was no point in planning for war. Russian railways were so few that the army could not possibly hope to assemble with anything like German speed. The best course would therefore be to assemble most of it in the middle and wait—a course dignified with the term "Milyutin system". This left German and Austrian planners much latitude, and the diplomats could pursue their work relatively untroubled by agitated soldiers brandishing technical arguments.

By 1914, this changed dramatically. The Russian army kept cutting its time of mobilization; by 1914, plans were under way to move 500 trains daily to the western border, allowing mobilization to proceed almost at German speed. Within a fortnight of war's breaking out, there would be a million Russian soldiers on the Prussian frontier—hardly enough to allow the Germans to win in the west and then turn east, as they planned. Not surprisingly, at the very first alarm of Russian mobilization, German soldiers would demand action as well, and the diplomats would be rudely pushed aside. Dr Bridge's rather limited discussion of the whole issue of planning, mobilization, railways, armament and numbers of soldiers leaves him at times lacking in an important dimension, which, if not perhaps decisive, none the less merits mention.

In this connexion, there is a further "structural" question that Dr Bridge could have covered. The Habsburg Monarchy declined as a governing system before its peoples deserted it—the army, finance, foreign policy all in a mess. It was this, not the nationalities' disloyalty, that broke the Monarchy in war. In part, of course, it was not so much that the government's competence declined as that it failed to improve much while the nature of its task grew more complicated. But there was in some ways even a decline. July 1914 is a perfect illustration of this. Here was a situation requiring the utmost collaboration of military, financial and diplomatic machines. Instead, it showed the Habsburg regime at its worst—issues decided, and then the decision regretted, in frivolous conversations; military undertakings forgotten; trains played with on romantic principles.

To justify war with Serbia, two things were essential: proof that she had been responsible for the murder of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and a cleverly-worded ultimatum allowing her no let-out. Proof of Serbian "provocation" was hard to come by. There was in fact nothing at Austria's disposal to show that the Serbian government was responsible. *Sektionsrat* von Wiesner was packed off to Sarajevo in order to be provoked. He failed to be. Potiorek, Governor of Bosnia, was then asked what the proof was. He replied that, while there was no material evidence, Serbia's moral guilt was established. A dossier of

Chronicle of a conference

HOWARD ELCOCK:
Portrait of a Decision
386pp. Eyre Methuen. £6.

While innumerable books have been written about various aspects of peace-making in Paris in 1919—Keynes's *Economic Consequences* set the ball rolling almost before the ink on the Versailles Treaty was dry—systematic histories of the Conference have been surprisingly few. The Institute of International Affairs (not yet Royal) issued a history in six volumes in the early 1920s, under the editorship of Harold Temperley. Many of the contributors, like the editor himself, had been present at the Conference; and, though the work has some lacunae and must seem uncritical to those who read it with the benefit of hindsight fifty years later, it remains an authoritative and indispensable guide. F. S. Marston's brief history, published in 1944, was evidently inspired by the same considerations which in 1919 provoked a flutter of interest in the Congress of Vienna. It is not a particularly distinguished work, and there seems to have been nothing since.

Howard Elcock, a young historian who can have had no personal experience of the Second World War, let alone the First, has bravely entered the unoccupied lists. Overcoming the handicap of a particularly inept title, he has set out to recount in more or less chronological order the confused happenings, the marchings and counter-marchings, the evasions and the compromises, which marked the day-to-day progress of the Conference. The Conference itself was an ill-organized jumble of negotiations, and one is inclined to say that *Portrait of a Decision* reflects all too accurately the character of the original, so that the reader, tossed unceremoniously from one topic to another, finds it difficult to keep his balance. A chapter of twenty-five pages, entitled "The Tensions Increase", discusses among other things the Rhineland and the Saar, the fear of Bolshevism, the frontiers of Poland, the problem of the Middle East, war crimes, and, of course, the reparations problem.

Mr Elcock has done his homework thoroughly, and has made ample use of unpublished archives, including official documents in the Public Record Office and the Lloyd George, Balfour and Lothian papers. A good proportion of his references come from these. He may, indeed, have succumbed a little too easily to the fallacy that what is newest is best, and have paid too little attention to earlier publications. He might have learnt from the old Chatham House history the virtue of dividing his material, at any rate in part, by subject rather than chronologically, and of sketching in enough of the background to make the contentious issues which came up at the Peace Conference understandable to the non-specialist reader. (Incidentally, he miscounts the volumes of this work, and confers on its editor a mythical knighthood.)

In other respects *Portrait of a Decision* wears an old-fashioned air. Fifty years on, it seems difficult and perhaps unrewarding to isolate what happened in Paris in those six months of 1919, instead of regarding it as an episode, a crucial moment, in a large historical process. Yet this is on the whole what Mr Elcock has tried to do. He offers a few mild, and thoroughly conventional, verdicts. Keynes's indictment of the three great men, and particularly of Lloyd George, was "unfair"; but Etienne Mantoux's assault on Keynes a few years later was also "unfair". "It was not necessarily the faults in the treaty which caused it to be ineffectual in preventing the outbreak of a new European war"; American intervention, and the revulsion against the Treaty in Great Britain during the next decade, were also factors. True enough; but the word "necessarily" covers a multitude of evasions.

What we miss is any attempt to assess the place of the conference in the history of our times. Mr Elcock dismisses rather condescendingly Arno Meyer's attempt to depict the conference as a struggle between "forces of movement" and "forces of resistance". He constantly speaks of "the fear of Bolshevism", mainly as an argument bandied about between negotiations; and he records the uneasy and fluctuating course of plans to intervene in the Russian civil war. But he has only a passing reference to the Béla Kun revolution in Hungary, which seemed to the statesmen in Paris important enough to warrant the dispatch of a high-powered mission under Smuts to Budapest; and the abortive rising in Berlin in January 1919 and the short-lived Munich insurrection

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Israel as an idea

WALTER LAQUEUR:

A History of Zionism

639pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.50.

By a large margin this history of Zionism from the early nineteenth century to 1948 is superior in quality to its few predecessors. Walter Laqueur, the director of the Institute of Contemporary History, has brought to his task both professional knowledge of the history of European and Middle Eastern diplomacy and personal experience of Palestine during some of its most trying years. His book, admirably lucid and readable, is at its best when summarizing the arguments about Jewish destiny put forward by both Zionist and non-Zionist Jewish writers, and in several evocative personal vignettes, especially of the abrasive personality of Vladimir Jabotinsky, the brown-shirted Russian Zionist.

One theme which recurs is that the quarrelling groups within Zionism each had in turn a significant contribution to make towards the emergence of a Jewish state. The anti-socialist Theodor Herzl lit the flame of political Zionism which socialist pioneers nourished in Palestine. Both Herzl's "political" course of seeking the aid of great powers, and the view of the "practicals" that it was necessary first to establish settlements on the ground, were essential to the common cause. Even Jabotinsky's Revisionists, who became discredited with the rise of Nazism, had at least convinced their opponents like Ben-Gurion of the need to pursue single-mindedly the goal of a state with a Jewish majority.

While giving due weight to the support which the idea of a Jewish state received among some early nineteenth-century Englishmen and to the stirrings of Zionism among persecuted Russian Jews of the later nineteenth century, Professor Laqueur rightly shows how it was Herzl who transformed these longings into a mass movement with political impetus. In this context, the mistaken old idea is repeated that "Herzl became a Zionist as a result of the Dreyfus affair". In fact *The Jewish State* was written in 1895, two years before the case of Dreyfus had become a national and international *cause célèbre*. Herzl's diaries never mentioned the Dreyfus case in the lengthy passages seeking to explain how he became a Zionist, but they are full of anxiety about the political successes of Karl Lueger, the anti-semitic mayor of Vienna and forerunner of Hitler. The plight of Jews in Vienna rather than in Paris helped to crystallize Herzl's thoughts on a solution to the European-wide Jewish problem. This trend of thought coincided with a crucial stage in the development of Herzl's charismatic personality, struggling in the grip of depression and megalomania, which Peter Loewenberg has recently portrayed so convincingly. The whole relationship between the Dreyfus Affair and the early years of Zionism needs to be traced in more detail than is possible within the scope of a general history.

Ahad Ha-am, whose "spiritual" Zionism emphasized the uniqueness of Jewish culture, receives some hard strictures for importing ideas culled from the European nationalisms into the different Jewish situation, but perhaps all the Zionists owed more to other nationalisms than Professor Laqueur seems prepared to admit. He gives an excellent summary of recent work on British motives in the making of the Balfour Declaration, but his account of the interwar years appears more interesting because it covers less well-known ground. The changing nature of the various waves of settlement in Palestine and the kinds of agricultural settlement they favoured are clearly distinguished. The constant process by which each successive wave became deproletarianized contrasts with the present-day complaint of Jews of Oriental origin that Russian immigrants are jumping the queue. The unique institutions which Zionism created included not only the kibbutz in the countryside, but the Histadrut, which combined the functions of trade union and employer in the towns.

The path was not easy, even had it not been for Arab opposition. Re-emigration rates rose to over 40 per cent in the years of economic setback before the world economic depression of 1929, internal conflicts troubled the movement, its finances were abysmally low and numerical support poor. Only Nazi and Fascist persecution in Europe saved Zionism from internal dissolution, Arab hostility, and British policy of the late 1930s. Just when the Jews needed a refuge most of all, vouchers were throttled down for entry into Palestine and only 19,000 Jews entered Britain itself by March, 1939, compared with 120,000 French Protestants admitted after 1685. Appeasement in Palestine seemed to march hand in hand with appeasement in Europe, as Professor Laqueur says, but one should add that restrictions on immigration had economic as well as political foundations in England, but hardly in the Middle East.

The touchstone of any modern history of Zionism must be its treatment of relations between Arab and Jew. Professor Laqueur rightly casts doubt on the assumption that Arab hostility might have been overcome if the Zionists had been more fully aware of the Arab problem early on. The Arab claims of economic exploitation by the Zionists are shown to have been without foundation, but the inevitability of a clash between two nationalisms appears as the fundamental issue which extremist actions such as those of the Mufti of Jerusalem could only exacerbate, but did not create. The Jewish proponents of a bi-national state were being unrealistic, though at least they were more sincere than those who today would seek to undermine and replace the Zionist state by persuading the gullible tha state is a real possibility. Laqueur's own sympathi when he makes the telling because of power politics sion of 10 million Germ Eastern Europe has been as irreversible, but not torial changes in the Midd

At this point one must decision to cut short the sto Both the achievements of and its policy towards the A be judged only by what h after that date, and the that Zionism effectively co the creation of the state m like special pleading. definitive history of Zionis to be written, it will no do some of the omissions of th and iron out the difficult arise from combining a logical with a thematic app it will with even greater be a multi-volume, ma compilation. Professor L history remains a personal *force* in which the argume flags and critical inspires every page.

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Death to Armenians

MARJORIE HOUSEPIAN:

Smyrna 1922

The Destruction of a City

275pp. Faber and Faber. £3.50.

Marjorie Housepian has written a book which, broadly speaking, makes two charges—first, that the destruction by fire of Smyrna in September, 1922, was the result of incendiarism by the Turks and not accident, and that the number of those killed in the city—again as a result of policy by the Turkish military and not by accident—was probably as high as 100,000 or even higher and not the few thousands usually estimated; second, that the truth of what happened was suppressed or played down at the time for a variety of unworthy reasons; and that a conspiracy of silence has continued ever since.

Like so many of the victims, Miss Housepian is an Armenian, as are a majority of the survivors whose testimony she has recorded. If their testimony, after so long an interval, was the foundation of her case, it would have to be treated with great reserve. But she has done a much more thorough job of research, her material including the unpublished papers of Americans and others (servicemen and civilians) who were either on the spot or concerned in parallel events, contemporary newspaper reports, and so on. Nor are her charges in essence new. All in all, it is difficult to reject the case she makes out against the Kemalist forces of being responsible for a massacre—or, as it would now be called, for genocide.

There is unfortunately a *prima facie* probability in the charge. In 1915 the Turkish Government had systematically destroyed the Armenian population of Asia Minor—a contemporary German estimate put the number of those killed or deported at nearly a million and a half. Mustafa Kemal was even more determined than Talaat Pasha that the new Turkey should be racially homogeneous, which meant that the remaining Greeks and Armenians had to be cleared out.

Every serving Turkish soldier must have been familiar with how this operation was expected to be performed. Foreign observers were surprised—though perhaps they should not have been—that, although Kemal's army entered Smyrna on the heels of the defeated Greek troops whom they had been fighting for two years, it was the noncombatant Armenians against whom they first turned their weapons.

If only a fraction of the reports given here of what took place in Smyrna are true, this fortnight in September would rank with the worst of the twentieth century's crimes, which is saying a good deal. Apart from the well-attested stories of murder and rape and total indifference to suffering, there was the peculiar horror of the final situation: "With exits to the city blocked off by Turkish troops, nearly half a million human beings packed in an area a mile and a half long and no more than one hundred feet wide were trapped between the fire and the sea."

What of the second of Miss Housepian's charges—that the truth about Smyrna has been covered up? It could be. As C. M. Woodhouse says in his introduction: "It is impossible to admire the conduct of the western powers and their official representatives in the Near East during the summer of 1922." They—Britain especially—had encouraged the Greek armies to enter Asia Minor, but had few scruples in abandoning their protégés. There was extreme reluctance in official quarters to do anything about the refugees, and the simplest way of getting round that was to minimize the problem, or better still to deny its existence. So, although Smyrna harbour was full of allied warships, there was no concerted effort at rescue. Some individuals showed more humanity than others, turning a blind eye to orders. The French and Italians come out best. So far as the British are concerned, it would be a comfort if it were at least possible to refute reports that sailors poured hot water on to refugees who swam out to the ships seeking refuge from the burning city.

The strangest part of the affair is the American attitude. It is not too much to say that by the end of the war America, as a nation, had adopted the Armenians. As Dr Howard Sacher has written: "In the early postwar years there was hardly any way in which a literate citizen of the United States could avoid awareness of the Armenian plight or of the special moral commitment which the American people had somehow, almost imperceptibly, undertaken for Armenian survival." Yet any help, practical or diplomatic, that might have been given was offset by the attitude of America's representatives in the area. The key figure is Admiral Mark L. Bristol, the United States High Commissioner in Constantinople. Here was a man whose views were strong rather than subtle:

> I am holding no brief for any race in the Near East. I believe that if the Turk, the Greek, the Armenian, the Syrian, etc, were shaken up in a bag you would not know which one would come out first, but probably the Turk is the best one of the lot. . . . I have not so much hope for these other races.

"One is led", he added, "to sympathize with the Turk"; and he did his best to see that other sympathies did not get a hearing. American correspondents were expected to write their dispatches bearing in mind that "they were not free to report in the same way as if they went on their own resources. I would trust them to protect my along this line." Not fo time in history, correspond pered truth with discretio

Admiral Bristol deserves remembered for a dispa cating an American mand the whole of Turkey wh culated to make a co reader run screaming into not so much for its implic the time as for its foresha similar attitudes in other p circumstances in the years

> It is a task worthy of As stand up for the big idea ing up the whole of the Empire by once and for troying all European and concessions and, European intrigue in th nate country, and then these people good gover

The Admiral, incidentally favour of "one hundred American investment".

The sufferings of Armen quickly forgotten for a n reasons. After 1918 publi in the victorious powers peace, not responsibility uble nationality problem was official eagerness to new Turkey as a useful society and as a bulwark shevik expansion southw of which it became. But, the Armenians lacked the in political and newspaper Europe and America which persecuted people, the Jew and exploited. Moreover, no Israel to go to—or destruction of their natio was the beginning of the and there was no way of new one. So everyone of Auschwitz, Belsen and wald but nobody has Adana, Van, Marash, or

Miss Housepian tells well. Some of her backg tory is superficial or even it is the foreground that plan of the city of Smyr have been a great help.

Edouard Roditi's popul *Magellan of the Pacific* Faber and Faber, readable enough, but doe place the much older but one by F. H. H. Guillemard or the more recent study age by C. E. Nowell (196 of which is cited in the phy. The author follows so modern Portuguese source critically. He does not the alleged discovery of Robert Machin was a literar and that the Duarte Bar sailed with Magellan (and killed at Cebu in 1521) wa author of the classic accoun bar, who was still alive in ber, 1546.

New, newer, newest

AN RICARDOU and FRANCOISE AN ROSSUM-GUYON (Editors):

uveau roman: hier, aujourd'hui

l 1: *Problèmes généraux*. 444pp.

l 2: *Pratiques*. 440pp.

ris: Union Générale d'Editions. fr each.

EPHEN HEATH:

e Nouveau Roman

Study in the Practice of Writing

2pp. Elek. £3.50.

NDRÉ GARDIES:

ain Robbe-Grillet

8pp. Paris: Seghers. 13.80fr.

ON S. ROUDIEZ:

nch Fiction Today: A New rection

pp. Rutgers University Press. $15.

uveau roman: hier, aujourd'hui an all too complete record of the ansactions of the 1971 *décade* at risy-la-Salle, when the *nouveau man* was worn to a shadow by egetes dutifully bent on publicizg either its secrets or its evasions. ese single-minded get-togethers ay be fun to take part in but they ake heavy reading, and a good ny of the 900 or so pages of these volumes are utterly dispensable, ng lifeless academic pontificating particular novelists and techues. Some at least of the writers ncerned seem to have an untural fear of *récupération* by ndard and reductive forms of ticism; if the *décade* wasn't *cupération* it is hard to think at might be.

The greater part of what is valuable comes in the second volume, *Pratiques*, where seven novelists, some of them more *nouveau* than others—Nathalie Sarraute, Claude Simon, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Claude Ollier, Michel Butor, Robert Pinget and Jean Ricardou—deliver set-pieces on the way they actually write their books. There is also some progressive discussion afterwards but, lamentably, each writer is saddled with a further academic exposé of his work which in almost every case is far inferior in interest and intellectual vitality to what its subject has to say for himself.

The *décade* starts with M Ricardou, these days emphatically the bell-wether of this exclusive flock, putting the traditional question: does the *nouveau roman* exist? The long and (apart, thank goodness, from Robbe-Grillet) generally unsmiling proceedings could themselves be taken as, if not answering, then exorcizing that question, and once they are under way it is forgotten. A better question would have been not whether there *is* a *nouveau roman* but whether there *was* one; for Robbe-Grillet and others have moved on from the ideas they held ten or fifteen years ago, and if there was in those days an orthodoxy recognizable as the *nouveau roman* what we are now faced with is certainly a *nouveau nouveau roman*.

Acceptance into this still more advanced and restrictive school of fiction-writing depends on an extreme commitment to the planned generation of the text. In their addresses to the *décade*, both Ricardou and Ollier go into exotic detail about their methods of composition. Ricardou finds resources in the graphic components of words and performs all sorts of operations on them in order to produce other words; the text is what ultimately fixes logical relations between the items of his word-list—a procedure not far removed from that of Raymond Roussel. Ollier, more obscurely, is concerned with what he calls the "retournement et détournement" of fictional forms and the resolution of a conflict between "incitations formelles et pulsions sensorielles". Robbe-Grillet, too, though altogether cagier about his procedures, now has his textual "generators" and his formulas for combining them.

These three are the hard-liners of the *nouveau nouveau roman* and its only true believers; the coherence of their outlook owes a lot to Ricardou's sharp and assertive theorizing in recent years. Others of the earlier generation of New Novelists now stand varying distances away from this very confining orthodoxy and the most distant of them, Butor, is obviously near to expulsion for the sins of aestheticism and, worse still, transcendentalism.

If writers like Pinget, Sarraute and Butor flank the *nouveau nouveau roman* on one side, to the other are the chic radicals of *Tel Quel*, for whom even Robbe-Grillet has long looked like a reactionary. What Philippe Sollers and his fissiparous sect do not like about the novels of Robbe-Grillet and others are the shreds of anecdote they choose to work with, because these date back to the bad old bourgeois days of representationalism, when language pointed directly at reality instead of at itself. The *Tel Quel* line has now been done into English by Stephen Heath in *The Nouveau Roman*. Well, almost into English, for Mr Heath has deliberately alienated his text—and a fair number of his readers too, one would guess—by writing it in a kind of mid-Channelese, where the "original" French terms can be seen standing only too clearly behind their English translation. Thus, *hesitate*, *exist* and *absent* appear as transitive verbs, and the word *writing* occurs over and over again in contexts where the French (or a few of them) now have *écriture*.

In *The Nouveau Roman* he presents, sometimes lucidly and sometimes not, the exceedingly dense and involved theory of writing worked out over the years by Barthes, Jacques Derrida and others. He does not seem to have added anything of his own to them but he has at least understood what they are getting at, which is not at all easy. The main theme, naturally, is that of the text as "productivity", as a self-conscious kind of work on language which suppresses the old notions of its transparency or instrumentality. But the actual examples of the "practice of writing" that Mr Heath gives are short and unilluminating and he would have done better to stick to his loyal and intelligent account of the theory. Indeed, it is hard to see why he troubled to bring in the *nouveau roman* at all, since it represents a less developed and (to him) less significant phase of the development he is explaining. His book has the wrong title for its sub-title.

André Gardies gives a short, documented and uncritical account of Robbe-Grillet's work in the cinema. He ignores *L'Année dernière à Marienbad* because its form was influenced by the director Alain Resnais but discusses in good detail the four films Robbe-Grillet has made on his own: *L'Immortelle*, *Trans-Europ Express*, *L'Homme qui ment* and *L'Eden et après*. The most useful thing he does, though there is too little of it, is to analyse some of the ways in which Robbe-Grillet has infringed the traditional rules of composition in the cinema and achieved the same disillusioning and disruptive effects as in his novels.

French Fiction Today is a substantial primer which considers fourteen different novelists in fourteen separate chapters and analyses their novels one by one. Leon S. Roudiez is good on some novelists and somewhat evasive on others, descending to unworthy phrases such as "dissolves into confusion" just at the point where the analyst could be most useful by making explicit the logic and wilfulness of the confusing novelist in question (Robbe-Grillet). Professor Roudiez observes the pedagogic imperative of a plot summary for each novel and this sometimes leads him into very clouded waters; indeed, the woodenly conventional format of his book takes much away from his undoubted capacity to make sense of the writers he is dealing with.

Cocteau parties

teau's World

Anthology of Writings by Jean teau

ited by Margaret Crosland

pp. Peter Owen. £5.95.

fessional Secrets

Autobiography of Jean Cocteau

ited by Robert Phelps

nslated by Richard Howard

pp. Vision. £3.80.

dérangerai après ma mort". eau once said. It is now nearly years since he died and he does arouse passionate partisanship ome, contemptuous disapproval thers. Curiously enough, there seems to be something mora about both sides; on the one we are told that we *ought* vere this misunderstood and ured artist, and on the other we are exhorted not to take ously this superficial dilettante. cteau's own attitude seems to ve been beautifully simple: ything he did he saw as a form oetry, and he hoped to reach a lic who would be so open to poetry that they would allow act, like music, on certain of "secret senses", and then let "senses", honestly and withrejudice, accept or reject it. th these books are, naturally, piled by committed Cocteau usiasts and, except for connect biographical passages, consist irely of Cocteau's own writings. eir points of departure, however, directly opposed. Margaret land, in her introduction, coms that "biographers have contrated on establishing facts at expense of interpreting Cocs work and encouraging others dy and value it", whereas rt Phelps writes in his: "And as we no longer have Orpheus's poems, only his myth and the ings we continue to read into Cocteau implies that his per trajectory of suffering and may remain in human ory, and usable to human ulation, longer than his created ks of art."

There is remarkably little overlapping in the selection of the texts. Miss Crosland divides hers into four sections: "Novels and Stories", "Plays and Poems", "People and Places", and "Ideas and Experiences", while Mr Phelps arranges his bits and pieces as a collage to illustrate Cocteau's life chronologically. Both books are very well illustrated by photographs, and by reproductions of Cocteau's drawings, but both are a bit of a reader's digest aimed at a general reader who is not given much credit for scholarly interest. Among Miss Crosland's selection is the whole of "Le Grand écart" (under its odd English title, "The Miscreant"), the whole of the rather tame "Livre Blanc", some poems, some moving, revelatory letters to Mary Hoeck, the not very amusing play *L'Impromptu du Palais-Royal*, *Coq et Arlequin*, some of which shows Cocteau at his least inspired, and a totally inadequate three pages from *Thomas l'imposteur*. It is not always possible to discover the dates of the works she prints.

Mr Phelps, in his shorter book, gives us nothing that is boring, and concentrates on the documentary, such as parts of *Mon premier voyage* (including the account of Cocteau's meeting with Charlie Chaplin), parts of the interesting journal of the making of the film *La Belle et la bête*, and parts of the moving *Journal d'un inconnu*. These parts are extremely well sewn together to make a continuous, interesting and readable narrative but, irritatingly, it is impossible to discover where they all come from, in spite of a list of the books from which the whole of the text has been drawn, and an appendix called "Sources and Asides". The latter, even more irritatingly, refers the reader back to the various chapters by their numbers—but no chapters or numbers are marked in the text, only on the contents page. Neither book has an index.

It may be that all Cocteau's styles defy translation, but there is not much joy to be derived from any of these. The (American) translation of *Professional Secrets* is in the main pretty acceptable, but the overall effect of the work of the half-dozen different translators of *Cocteau's World* is, with one or two exceptions, over-literal and pedestrian.

In their setting

FRANCO SIMONE (Editor):

Dizionario critico della letteratura francese

Vol 1: A-La. 638pp.

Vol 2: Le-Z. 684pp.

Turin: Unione Tipografico. L30,000 the set.

During his years as director of the Italian review *Studi Francesi*, Franco Simone has created an organ with a distinctive approach to the imaginative literature of France, invariably assessing it against the essential backdrop of French cultural history. The review has also been an important forum for the publication of new research and is probably the best available symposium of information about published critical work over the whole field of French studies. But it is its distinctive point of view which is embodied in the full-scale *Dizionario critico*, lavishly produced in two volumes, and in some sense the culminating product of the review's philosophy.

Professor Simone's "presentazione" does not despise a judicious exploitation of the rhetorical flourish. The claim that France has produced a third "classical" literature alongside the literatures of Greece and Rome may seem to do scant justice either to these literatures or to the other vernaculars; while the implied belief in the possibility of definitive critical judgments based on a knowledge of the historical setting of texts is at odds with what we know of the historiography of culture. However, it is not only in the present work that Professor Simone has elevated mere prefatory material to the status of a literary genre, and the careful comparison of the *Dizionario's* intention with that of such comparable works as the *Oxford Companion to French Literature* and the New York *Dictionary of French Literature* makes clear the philosophical standpoint which determined the form of the *Dizionario*. Professor Simone, although he compliments both earlier works, is certainly right on the need to break away from the critical naivety of the one and the purely factual concerns of the other.

The articles of the *Dizionario* are largely composed by the team of international scholars who collaborate to produce *Studi Francesi*, but other scholars have been called on for articles on authors on whom they have written monographs, and the result is a series of thoroughly contemporary assessments of the achievements of French authors, with generally faultless bibliographical information and excellent illustrations. The decision to exclude articles on characters, actors and all but the most distinguished critics, and to cut back severely on articles devoted to literary movements allows the *Dizionario* to devote space to even minor authors, and to insist on a resolute coverage of modern critical opinion. It is a tribute to the editorial skill behind these volumes that so many front-ranking scholars from the Anglophone regions of the globe have been invited to contribute alongside the strong French and Italian teams.

Whatever reservations one may have about individual articles and authors, the *Dizionario* is not only the best but also the only comprehensive reference work giving critical evaluations of important authors which, were its Italian accessible to them, one would willingly see in the hands of students. Most of the articles eschew individual judgments and at least attempt a properly up-to-date and objective critical treatment. Professor Simone has provided Italian students with the sort of work that English-speaking and French-speaking students of French literature would be right to envy.

BB

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The books will come in bright, distinctive covers and prices will range from £0.95 net to £2.50 net.

The penumbra of the Renaissance

WAYNE SHUMAKER :

The Occult Sciences in the Renaissance

284pp. University of California Press (IBEG). £6.75.

The occult is big business. At one extreme its practitioners peddle their several brands of irrationality to a public bent on making the modern scientific establishment a scapegoat for most modern ills, while at the other limit there is an unreal world of history and literary criticism, where astrology, natural magic, witchcraft, alchemy, and Hermetic philosophy are increasingly discussed, albeit in the most general terms, and without much real understanding of the intricacies of the systems of thought to which reference is made.

Wayne Shumaker's book will make such superficial studies less excusable in the future. He provides what must be the only short and acceptable summary and analysis of the five Renaissance occult sciences named, and he does so with the help of numerous line illustrations and copious quotation from sources he has read in the language of the original. He was clearly torn between several ambitions. He has tried to bring order out of what a less tenacious mind might have seen as chaos, and yet always he finds the temptation to emphasize the nonsensical element in the occult too strong for him.

Again and again Professor Shumaker reminds us that he is offering no key to esoteric wisdom, and his preface, with its melancholy reporting of the rise of occultism in modern California, will doubtless provide food for thought on the part of future historians of the darker side of human nature. (And had the makers of the recent film *Rosemary's Baby* read a later chapter, they would have known that the portrayed generation of a true devil's child ran counter to informed Renaissance opinion.) In another sad aside Professor Shumaker laments even the loss of our biblical tradition:

> The story . . . [retold in] Milton's *Paradise Lost* . . . would not require even a quick summary if in this age of secular education and a dying "existentialist" Christianity knowledge of it was not rapidly disappearing—even, one fears, among the clergy.

From the enormous area of ground to be covered, astrology is taken first, and offers perhaps the greatest difficulty, since so much of the essential mathematics must perforce be taken for granted. After a short sketch of a few central ideas, there is a brief examination of Paul Choisnard's claim to have found statistical proof of the validity of some traditional astrology. This might seem irrelevant did it not introduce a useful historical point, namely that so many of the horoscopes considered were *ex post facto* (wherefore Choisnard's argument will not hold water).

There was a Renaissance attack on astrology, however, on a much wider front than this. There is some irony in the fact that a one-time accredited mystic like Pico della Mirandola should have helped to marshal this attack, although, like the good Renaissance man he was, Pico resorted to propping up his arguments with a claim that most ancient philosophers of note were on his side. In the enemy camp were scholars of almost every sort, Hermeticists and simple Bible scholars, neo-Platonist dreamers and hard-headed practising physicians, poets and expert astronomers.

Professor Shumaker is not surprised at the discovery that five out of six Elizabethan polemics against astrology were by ecclesiastics, and that chief among its proponents were the foremost scientific men of the time. "Were a choice necessary", he explains, "causation might, after all, be better laid to physical rays emanating from planets and stars, which at least were subject to observation, than to mystical numbers, cabalistic verbal formulas, and devils."

In juxtaposition to witchcraft, astrology looks positively benign. *Malleus maleficarum* and similar works notwithstanding, witchcraft and the fight against it were never really textbook subjects. Not that there is any shortage of source material on which to found a debate about whether, for example, witches can fly, or the souls of the departed can manifest themselves to the living. Witchcraft does nevertheless lend itself more to social than to intellectual history, to psychoanalysis rather than to textual criticism. And still there is a note of moral censure in Professor Shumaker's voice, as when he remarks that writers "whose minds we continue to find attractive", like Browne, Luther, Addison, and Richard Baxter, "shared the deplorable errors".

White magic comes off rather better. If not always worthy of the accolade "pre-modern form of natural science", at least it was free from the sort of bad daemons which put the operator's soul in jeopardy. Porta does, after all, seem to have experimented, and in explaining the efficacy of magical preparations of plants, stones, animals, and so on, Ficino at least had the decency to put them under God's control. As for Cornelius Agrippa, when he foreshadowed seventeenth-century ideas on a so-called "real character" (or perhaps he only echoed Origen), his suggestion that it is the letters of the Hebrew alphabet which somehow represent the real structure of the universe was silly, but hardly sinister. On the question of the efficacy of magic formulas, Professor Shumaker once or twice offers the old, and still rather vague suggestion that they succeeded to the extent that they were believed in, and he sees in white magic, in Hermetic philosophy, in astrology, and in fact in the occult generally, the phenomenon which psychologists call "projection".

Alchemy comes in for a more fragmentary treatment, and one rather thin on pre-Renaissance sources. As elsewhere, however, the book conveys in sensitive terms the spirit of the subject, especially in its meditative and human aspects, divorced now from the mere conjuring of gold. The human side stands out even more clearly in the chapter on the Hermetic philosophy, a chapter which has a great deal to commend it. More detailed and more narrowly scholarly discussions of the Hermetic writings can be found easily enough elsewhere, but all too often taking for granted such basic facts as the arrival of the *Corpus Hermeticum*, not to say the existence of a seemingly unquenchable Renaissance thirst for syncretism, which the *Corpus* bid fair to satisfy.

Professor Shumaker has written that not uncommon thing, a primer which tells more than many an obscurantist work of scholarship. In clear and simple terms he explains what was involved in combining a cosmology with a process of spiritual regeneration. We begin to understand such paradoxes as how the Christian could bring himself to put the image of Hermes into a cathedral pavement.

Social trends are less well handled than literary movements, and it is odd to find a suggestion that "once the Reformation had begun in earnest the kind of Hermeticism we have observed in Italy became difficult elsewhere, and in England . . . was virtually impossible". We are provided with too many examples of later English followers of Hermes for the phenomenon to be dismissed so easily, although perhaps uppermost in Professor Shumaker's mind is the need to discourage what he calls "the more enthusiastic and undiscriminating kinds of influence-hunting". He undertakes some exegesis of writers like Colet, More, Hooker, Burton and Browne, to show that their familiarity with *Hermetica* was tempered with deep-seated scepticism, and he tentatively suggests what some will be quick to deny, namely, that

> outside the small group of Cambridge Platonists, whose doctrines included ideas drawn from Plotinus, Iamblichus, Proclus, and other ancients brought into notice by the fifteenth-century […] school, theological Herm[…] never a powerful intellec[…] in England.

Professor Shumaker sho[…] strength of mind in lea[…] Newton out of his picture.

The Hermetic scheme, […] the five systems examined, […] qualified like the rest […] terms. It was probably […] harmful", for its emph[…] meditative, it "absorbed […] made no false predictio[…] daily activities, provoked […] cutions, and did not enco[…] ice". Rather than cause […] "its pietism may have […] few lives which otherwis[…] have been emotionally poo[…] author should at times see[…] entered, heart and soul, […] subject, and if indeed his […] in part more like a gentle[…] mannered *Malleus* ma[…] than a guide for the liter[…] and historian, the reason i[…] that he fears that the cur[…] tion against science as […] impersonal, and oppressi[…] will be wasted if it is to lea[…] a revival of one or other […] systems whose past he des[…] comment in this way on *The* […] *Sciences*, however, is to mis[…] mood of the book, rather […] substance.

No less significant is his […] contention that the literary […] ter of the Renaissance wo[…] dered has been somewhat […] ted in the past. From his […] reading, Professor Shum[…] gests that the Latin writ[…] less to do with the imagina[…] ceptions to be expected […] lettres than with ideas th[…] be objectively true, and h[…] unnaturally surprised when […] that a poet like Lucan w[…] accepted as an authority on […] of fact. It is a pity that th[…] sion of this problem is so […] and relegated to a postscri[…] is as a literary critic rather […] a historian that Professor S[…] is most successful, in his […] tious but valuable guide […] penumbra of Renaissance […]

DNA I am

BERNHARD RENSCH :

Homo Sapiens

Translated by C. A. M. Sym

228pp. Methuen. £3.

Ever since Thomas Huxley wrote his *Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature* more than 100 years ago, eminent biologists have felt an urge to expound their views on the subject. The philosophical schemes they have produced are often marred by circular argument, unwarranted assumption, or woolly thinking. Bernhard Rensch is no exception—the blurb on the jacket of his book sets the tone when it says: "This is an account of the uniqueness of man in the animal kingdom, how this uniqueness arose during evolution, and what traces of it can be detected in animals other than man." If man shares even traces of his uniqueness with other animals he cannot be unique.

In the first half of *Homo Sapiens* Professor Rensch gives a competent account of the generally accepted story of the physical and mental evolution of man from the first appearance of life on earth. He writes throughout as if the theory were a proven fact; he does not state that it is based entirely on circumstantial evidence, or that although we may accept it as the most probable explanation of past and present events, there is no experimental proof of its correctness. In the second half, he considers man's cultural evolution, pointing out that the development of speech enabled cultures as well as physical characters to be inherited, and that man has emancipated himself through his technology from the influence of natural selection. The concluding pages discuss the possible future of man, and his effect on the environment.

Professor Rensch gives the orthodox story of the evolution of life after the spontaneous origin of self-replicating molecules of deoxyribonucleic acid, and shows that life is a continuous stream of DNA passing in the "germ cells" from one generation to the next; consequently the bodies of all plants and animals are merely by-products or excrescences which act as vehicles to carry the germ cells. He seems to think, however, that the somatic by-product is the subject of primary importance, whereas according to his statement of evolution it must be the DNA that is of prime importance, to the preservation of which all else is subordinated.

Professor Rensch completely abandons his scientific arguments when he comes to guessing at the "meaning" of man's existence. According to all the evidence of fact and opinion that he has expounded, man's existence can have no meaning, and it is utterly futile apart from helping the stream of DNA to flow on until life becomes extinct at or before the destruction of the earth.

This conclusion appears to be more than he can face, for on his last page he lapses into mysticism. He makes the extraordinary assumption that inanimate matter is endowed with what he calls a "protopsychic" character which leads him to say,

> a panpsychistic and identistic conception . . . recognises only systems of relations which are mostly trans-subjective, but may partly enter as a stream of consciousness into our brain where they are integrated to become our psychic phenomena.

He ends by saying,

> we may perhaps assume that the complex of awareness which represents an ego, a "soul"—the *atman* of the Hindus—is a part of the universe, the Brahman, a part which will be absorbed into the all-one after death.

If what appears in the preceding 201 pages is sense, this conclusion is nonsense.

The translation is reasonably fluent, but an unusual term occurs frequently: [illegible], a word that is not given in the SOED, but which is evidently intended to mean [illegible] whatever that means.

Seasonal scribblings

ALEXANDER MARSHACK :

The Roots of Civilization

The Cognitive Beginnings of Man's First Art, Symbol and Notation

413pp including unnumbered plates. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £5.50.

Anyone who has seen the cave paintings and engravings of palaeolithic man or examined his artifacts in the museums must have wondered what kind of man he was, how he lived and why he made his non-utilitarian artifacts. Anatomical investigation of his remains and archaeological study of his dwelling and burial places have provided moderately satisfactory answers to the first two questions, but guesswork is all we have in reply to the third. The purpose of some of his supposedly useful artifacts remains obscure, the most familiar being the "bâton de commandement", of which many examples have been found. These objects consist of part of the base of a deer's antler, often engraved with pictures or patterns, with a hole bored through the butt. They are sometimes termed "shaft-" or "arrow-straighteners", though no explanation seems ever to have been offered on how pushing a crooked stick through a hole may be expected to straighten it. The most surprising artifacts, however, are the pictures, engravings and carvings of animals, executed with great skill and spirit; did ice-age man make them just for fun or for some magic or other ritual use? Alexander Marshack here attempts an answer.

Many of the objects, made of bone, ivory or stone, are marked with various patterns of lines, sometimes criss-crossed into geometrical designs, in addition to realistic and surrealistic pictures of animals and men. Some of the lines and notches, such as series of notches, have generally been interpreted as ornamental, but others appear to be no more than random scribblings. Mr Marshack tells how his interest in palaeolithic art was aroused by inspecting a bone scratched with lines rather in the manner of a tally-stick, and how he determined to find some meaning in them. After patient study and ingenious interpretation he came to the conclusion that the lines are a tally of days, or rather nights, forming a lunar calendar. Critics may well say that he is forcing vague scribblings to conform with his theories, and also that he selects his specimens, allowing those that will not fit into his scheme to be dismissed as ornament. Even if the lunar-calendar theory is accepted, Mr Marshack does not explain why an ice-age man should keep such a record for a few odd weeks or months and then abandon it, beyond suggesting that it is a "time-factored notation".

The author goes on to discuss the representational pictures, engravings and carvings made by palaeolithic man, and claims to have found in them far more than art for art's sake; he sees them as a complex symbolic system based mainly on seasonal phenomena, such as the breeding seasons of animals and the growth of plants. He does not, however, consider the possibility that the crude, clumsy graffiti mixed with or superimposed upon the clever drawings were made by people other than the artists who painted the skilfully executed pictures. There is no reason to suppose that accomplished artists were more plentiful among ancient cave men than among modern concrete-jungle men, nor that the idle of those times were less inclined than those of today to scribble and make rude drawings on walls.

As with the lines and geometrical patterns, one cannot help feeling that Mr Marshack is wringing more meaning from his data than is justified. He would be more convincing if he had avoided the number of blunders which [illegible] reader to suspect that he [illegible] his theories [illegible] common sense. What, for [example] is a "moulting dogfish"? how can ochre be "dissolved" in [illegible] what European [illegible] habit of eating ducks' eggs [illegible] point that may be questioned [illegible] interpretation of the many [illegible] "darts" superimposed [illegible] of many animals [illegible] shaped like our modern [illegible] tional sign for an arrow [illegible] arrow-heads with [illegible] directed barbs were not [illegible] until the mesolithic [illegible] earliest palaeolithic [illegible] lances had leaf-shaped [illegible] that those darts were [illegible] added by neolithic man [illegible] over the drawings made [illegible] predecessors many [illegible] years before? If it [illegible] author nowhere refers [illegible] marks of the Australian [illegible] Leason, who pointed out [illegible] that many of the palaeolithic [illegible] may not, as generally [illegible] represent animals in the [illegible] attitudes of death.

American pro-consuls and Cuban nationalists

LUIS E. AGUILAR :

Cuba 1933

Prologue to Revolution

256pp. Cornell University Press (IBEG). £6.75.

PHILIP W. BONSAL :

Cuba, Castro and the United States

380pp Pittsburgh University Press. $9.95.

[L]iberal imperialism is a sickly hybrid. It seeks to combine moral superiority with the de[fe]nce of imperial interests, if neces[sa]ry in spite of the locals. To these it [pr]eaches dignity, equality and con[ci]liation; and to their masters it [ar]gues that arm-twisting is more [ec]onomical and effective than club[bi]ng. In practice the exponent [is] constantly forced to choose [be]tween a radical respect for [na]tional sovereignty and an im[pe]rial reliance on force. These two [bo]oks on Cuba highlight the [di]lemma.

In 1928, five years before his dicta[tor]ship was overthrown, largely as a [res]ult of United States inter[ven]tion, Cuba's President Machado [se]nt a representative to the Sixth [In]ternational Congress of American [St]ates. "We can't join the general [ch]orus of non-intervention", said [th]e spokesman, because "in my [co]untry the word intervention has [be]en a word of honour, a word of [glo]ry, a word of liberty; it has been [a] word of independence." But after [his] overthrow, Machado denounced [th]e hypocrisy of Sumner Welles, [the] Plenipotentiary responsible, [qu]oting the following exchange:

> Cuban Minister: "Then you are laying down an ultimatum and threatening intervention to remove a President elected at the polls?"
>
> Welles: "Who is speaking of an ultimatum?"
>
> Minister: "Then President Machado may remain in office?"
>
> Welles: "No, his withdrawal is indispensable."

[Sr] Luis Aguilar has written a first-[rate] account of the 1933 revolu[tio]n, succinctly analysing the com[ple]xities of both diplomatic and [re]volutionary intrigue which under[mi]ned first the dictator, then his [pu]ppet successors, and then the [stu]dent/jacobin regime of Grau San [Ma]rtín, until finally power devolved [on] an obscure sergeant named [F]ulgencio Batista. Sr Aguilar shows [th]at, although brief and chaotic, [the] revolutionary interlude pro[duc]ed some profound social [cha]nges, and facilitated the task of [the] next generation of revolution[ary] students, who, twenty-five years [lat]er were to oust Batista and con[ver]t Cuba into an anti-American [for]tress.

[Th]e author shows that Sumner [We]lles (whose power derived above [all] from Cuba's dependence on the [Uni]ted States as the main outlet for [its] sugar) seriously misunderstood [the] forces that were unleashed by [his] meddling, and that Batista's [suc]cess was due to his quick appre[cia]tion of the preferences of the [Ame]rican ambassador. Although an [ups]tart, and therefore, in domestic [ter]ms, a revolutionary, the sergeant [was] as early as October 1933 able to [pre]sent his credentials for the [ten]ancy as pro-American military [dic]tator. Thus he assured Welles [tha]t he was [illegible] orders to [sacr]ifice lives of the soldiers" [rat]her than endanger foreign [illegible]

[Th]e opposition [to] Machado

Of course no revolution can be [exp]lained solely in such terms, [an]d a sketchy account of Cuba's [qu]arter-century of "independ[enc]e", Sr Aguilar warns [illegible] [gi]ves a fresh account [illegible] with the observations of [illegible] [illegible]

account of a major political upheaval.

What did Batista make, one wonders, of the procession of United States ambassadors who straddled his quarter-century from Sumner Welles to Philip Bonsal? First there was Jefferson Caffery, who announced on his arrival in Havana that "Diplomacy, as I interpret it, nowadays consists largely in cooperation with American business". Batista thrived on this type of diplomacy until 1942 when Spruille Braden arrived. Then, according to Braden's recently published memoirs:

> President Batista and I had several times tangled rather unpleasantly. When I took the stand that no American company that paid bribes or contributed to Cuban political parties would be received at the Embassy or helped in any way, naturally his pocketbook and those of his gang were hard hit and Batista was resentful.

In 1944, when a revolt threatened once again, Ambassador Braden was ready with his version of "non-intervention" in the internal affairs of a sovereign ally. He told Cuban leaders:

> My government will not recognize any other President or government. If we don't recognize any other President or government not a single ship will be allowed to enter or leave a Cuban harbour (we were controlling all shipping). If they want to take over, we won't intervene at all. Our policy will be complete non-intervention. . . . Of course, no Cuban government could operate in such conditions. As soon as my statement reached the revolutionists, the revolution was over.

Then, in the mid-1950s there was Ambassador Arthur Gardner, of whom his colleague Philip Bonsal writes:

> Ambassador Gardner and certain of our military men had displayed an unnecessarily florid and spectacular cordiality to Batista and his officials. This was unfortunate since, although Batista was reputed to have a cooperative understanding of the American position in the cold war and of the problems of American business on the island, his administration had become increasingly discredited because of its corruption, its despotic nature, its bloodthirsty repression, and its savage counterterrorism.

The penultimate American proconsul (it was [illegible] that next to the President of Cuba the most important man on the island was the American Ambassador) was Earl E. T. Smith, who witnessed the final decomposition of Batista's regime and Castro's accession to power.

Such a survey of State Department luminaries may help suggest why some Cubans had derived less enjoyment from this close relationship, and even thought they could reap some popularity by severing the ties altogether. It fell to Mr Bonsal (who had acquired previous experience in Cuba as an employee of ITT) to participate in the last act (he was Ambassador from February 1959 to October 1960). In his book he now grapples with *the* American problem about Cuba, simply "How could it happen?" For a succinct answer, Mr Bonsal tells us of a conversation with a Cuban friend:

> To my question on the reason for Castro's total success and for the lack of effective opposition, he replied, "Very simple! We had no confidence in any possible Cuban leadership of the anti-Castro forces, and we did not believe that you, the United States, would let Castro get away with it."

From a different perspective, Castro made the same point when he complained, perhaps unfairly, to Lee Lockwood that Bonsal "came with the demeanour of a pro-Consul . . . the reactionary press received him almost as if the Saviour had come".

In fact, Mr Bonsal was no saviour. His first assessment on arrival in Havana was that the only alternative to a compromise with Castro was an "unthinkable" landing of the Marines, and he considered it "not conceivable" that Castro could completely override the Cuban "rules of the game". Ten months later, when both these initial assumptions were becoming untenable, he resorted to such feeble consolations as "Castro's own chances of escaping from assassination or accident appeared poor".

It is clear that well after many American policymakers had lost patience with Castro, Mr Bonsal continued to believe (until October 1959) that rational men would eventually be forced to compromise with one another. When Castro proved entirely impervious to these considerations, the ambassador could only explain the failure as a psychological aberration. Despite his otherwise well-informed and sensitive appreciation of Cuban history, Mr Bonsal could not see that Castroism was a coherent response to the island's past. Granted his overbearing and erratic personality, Castro was nevertheless far from entirely arbitrary or alone. A glance at Sr Aguilar's book is enough to show that he was a direct descendant of people such as Guiteras, the thwarted student revolutionary of 1933, and was acceptable to the masses only for that reason.

Castro's strength also derived from the fact that, against overwhelming odds, he had defied Batista and courted personal sacrifice for his ideals. It was no psychological aberration, but a logical development of that experience and of Cuban history, to cast the United States in the same role as the departed Batista, and to aim for a clean sweep in which no vestige of the previous corrupt and cynical scale of values could survive.

Mr Bonsal admits that pre-revolutionary Cuba was kept going by massive gangsterism and corruption, but he overlooks the likelihood that once these techniques of social control had been suspended, any flimsy system of democratic rules would fail to contain the demands thereby unleashed. If they were to avert another 1933, the revolutionaries were obliged to devise a new system of social control.

Despite his growing dismay at the course events were taking, Mr Bonsal persistently advocated a "low profile" policy for the United States and seemed genuinely shocked when in June 1960 (without consulting him) severe economic sanctions were adopted. He rightly believed they would force Cuba into the arms of the Russians, and might fail to destroy the regime, since the development of its internal dissensions would be impeded. In the event those forebodings proved justified, yet there was some basis for the suspicion that the Cubans were exploiting the scruples of Mr Bonsal as a means to gain time before what they regarded (with perhaps a more realistic understanding of United [illegible]) as the inevitable confrontation. However, the Cubans seem also to have miscalculated, [illegible] rather than economic reprisals.

For all his liberalism, Mr Bonsal was working within pro-Consular assumptions, for he admits that in his view American intervention would be justified if the evidence showed that the "Communists were plotting with Castro behind the backs of the people to suppress the liberties of that people". This bears out Castro's essential grievance, that Cuba was still regarded as a United States client state. There was still one rule for American diplomats and another for everyone else; and it was because the Cuban revolutionaries could not tolerate such a unilateral arrangement, and because (despite Mr Bonsal's innocent denials) the United States severely threatened their power, that they carried out an anti-American mobilization. Che Guevara, mindful of his experience in Guatemala, insisted all along that the only issue was who drew first; as a troubleshooter, Mr Bonsal was hopelessly slow on the draw.

The prisoner of policy

It was not the role he sought for himself; he hoped to be a conciliator. But supposing Castro had been more willing to compromise in 1959, what could the United States ambassador have offered? Mr Bonsal was always under pressure from powerful American policymakers who favoured a more ruthless approach, and who wanted him (like Adlai Stevenson) to make indignant denials that would be more convincing if he was kept in the dark, and therefore believed what he said. These policymakers severely limited the terms he could offer, and his reaction to the May 1959 Land Reform (which would have affected extensive United States interests) probably convinced Castro that working *with* the United States would permit only a very slow and expensive pace of agrarian change. In Cuban conditions it was hardly irrational for a revolutionary leader to opt instead for a fast land reform carried out *against* the United States. Surely the real alternatives that the Americans offered Castro were always either a Guatemalan solution or, if the conciliatory Bonsal had been really successful, the slow strangulation of the regime, through a combination of economic constraints, domestic subversion, and democratic paralysis. This was what Mr Bonsal's endeavours were helping to produce in Bolivia (his previous posting).

From the viewpoint of his employers, should Mr Bonsal be blamed for reacting too slowly? In one respect he was ahead of his time—his proposal for an informal United States/Soviet understanding, "perhaps on a reciprocal sphere-of-influence basis", might have averted the missile crisis and saved Cuba from blockade and invasion, but neither Great Power was thinking in such terms in 1960. So Mr Bonsal fell back on the argument that premature intervention would only help Castro, and impede the emergence of a respectable Cuban opposition. The first clause proved sound, but the second was rather optimistic. Anyway, counter-revolutionary strategy was permeated by the false assumption (tepidly doubted by Mr Bonsal, and violently rejected only by Castro's entourage) that once the United States did deploy its power, wherever and however it chose to do so, the revolutionary regime would collapse. The United States ambassador admits that he overestimated the strength of the internal opposition in 1960, but he expressed due scepticism about the effectiveness of economic sanctions (have they ever overthrown a regime?) and was realistic about the scale which an effective military intervention would have required. Since "Bonsal lost [illegible]" the United States has mostly relied on [illegible] more trigger-happy troubleshooters. The bad guys have hit the dust, but so has the democratic dream.

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The Conversion to Oil of the Lots Road London Transport Power Station
35pp.

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The Release
32pp.

MICHAEL SCHMIDT:
It Was My Tree
24pp.

GEOFFREY HOLLOWAY:
To Have Eyes
32pp.

ROBERT B. SHAW:
In Witness
32pp.

Anvil Press Poetry. Paperbacks. 30p each.

These booklets are part of a collective publication called "Twelve Poets" (available in a boxed set at £3.50, with a saving of 10p), of which only the above five deserve close attention. Anvil's editorial policy has indulged pretension, whimsy and obscurity; but fortunately Messrs Birtwhistle, Schmidt, Holloway and Shaw reaffirm that poetry is a concrete language. Ideas and intuitions find their expression in objects, and the relationship of objects. It is significant how many of the best poems here use a single image, not as one vehicle in the traffic of meaning, but as the entire landscape in which the poem is set. Imagery is not one expression or sequence of expressions, but the whole mental act of the poem.

In John Birtwhistle's collection an extraordinary definition of landscape is balanced by subtlety of feeling. In "Village Carpentry", for instance, the detail is delicately highlighted—

Elm forgets faster than oak,
painted names before gold-leaf,
calico is a harsher bed
than swansdown.

—but the theme remains implicit: both rich and poor are

. . . battened in by the carpenter
who had the order for his father,
to whom a corpse is a board of wood.

A poem is often a journey between two points, from one statement of the facts to another: the meaning lies in the relation of the two, and is a quality not of statement but of feeling. "Such a Candle . . ." moves from the tangible truth—

He burns in their woodcut style;
today we are close to the martyr,
the flesh that scorches in the dark.

—to the imagined truth:

All that happens is divine. Soul, take
your freedom. Here is foolish
amber fire, and no explicit flame.

Their relationship is ironic; none the less, that last stanza says far more about the nature of religious belief than does Mr Hewlings's simplistic "St Sebastian":

Those who have caught me will release me
if I wait here but to die.

Mr Hewlings's *The Release* is disappointing: he seems once to have known the way, and then lost it. From the taut objectivity of "Lord"—

Your kingdom stretches less far
than you thought.
Across the frontier your men see
the eyes of others—
people lighting fires.

—his work becomes muzzy and soft-centred.

It Was My Tree should have been Michael Schmidt's first collection: it now appears in the wake of collections from Carcanet. Anvil were right to persevere. In such poems as "Indian Prostitutes"—

Green parasols turn ladies into leaves.
Concrete where they walk retains a trail
of scented shade. Between their breasts
they carry bags of coin.

—virtues characteristic of Mr Schmidt are already apparent: the gift for an original opening; the intelligent use of his Mexican background, setting the exotic elements against social injustice and racial decline; the firm balance between the fanciful and the factual, reflected here in the drawing in of the cadence. As in Mr Birtwhistle's work, Mr Schmidt's most delicate effects are often simply the achievement of accuracy: butterflies are pinned

until they fade,
and only draught frets their wings.

In Geoffrey Holloway's *To Have Eyes* the language is sometimes worn, often over-written, but the impulse is vigorous:

The stagnant salmon like a crippled submarine
leprous in the shallows by the dripping arch—
a bone-white mouth insensitively working,
a quiet stammer, hung with sentences of death.

He is not usually so grim: he has a strong, if sardonic, sense of humour, and occasional touches of a lighter wit, as in "Baroque", which describes the illumination of ferns and blue bells around

a witty sport of nature ...
a saviour sitting up.

There are lively poems ... his daughter, who ... some nice lines herself,

"I don't look at the sun ... makes me ...

In Witness is Robert B. S... collection: his second ... from Carcanet. His voice ... strikingly mature, though ... terse. Sense of humour ... of balance go hand in ... "Antecedents", humour ... balance—

It even must have been ... being ...
brought up by maiden ...
look ...
and auguries, you find ...
and orphans in drab ...

—while, in "3 a.m., Jan... the point of balance lies ... tion's humour:

Burns have found heat b...
by slumming in bus stati...
a place to go, we have a pla...

Mr Shaw can be a very eleg... but he is perhaps best wh... most natural, as in the ... tribute to Roethke:

But how many ways
there are of being lost.
Sometimes I think he found ...

Public and private points

ROR WOLF:
mein famili
84pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM4.

NICOLAS BORN:
Das Auge des Entdeckers
114pp. Hamburg: Rowohlt. DM6.

REINER KUNZE:
Zimmerlautstärke
67pp. Frankfurt: Fischer. DM6.

HEINRICH BÖLL:
Gedichte
34pp. Berlin: Literarisches Colloquium. DM4.

KARL KROLOW: Zeitvergehen
111pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM18.

From the mass of the mainly uninspiring poetry volumes to appear in Germany in recent months, Ror Wolf emerges with a diverting collection of *Moritaten*, which aspire to be sharp satires on the narrow perspectives of middle-class life and the idyll of the family as the focal point of the universe, but which are in the main not much more than mildly amusing. The best and funniest in *mein famili* are father's oft-repeated reminiscences on his wartime exploits, and the juxtaposition of banality and criminality in "herr schmidt". The poems are illustrated by Wolf's own collages, which are imitative of Max Ernst's but are too crowded and technically weak to carry the enormous impact of the terrifying world of the subconscious that Ernst reveals in *Une Semaine de bonté*.

Nicolas Born is also in pursuit of new insights, although for illustrations he calls upon outside aid in the shape of some attractive drawings by Dieter Masuhr. The poems in *Das Auge des Entdeckers* contain all the familiar references to the American moonshots, IBM (some contemporary poets must be in the pay of IBM's advertising agents), and Starfighters. But for all that Born's work is pointed and lively. There is no pretentiousness; genuine experience is allowed to speak through the technical brilliance. In his attempt to see beyond the superficial appearance of things, Born cleverly exploits changes of perspective and point of view, especially in "Die Zeitmaschine" and "SF-Poem".

Reiner Kunze is an East German poet who strives to make his voice heard by keeping it down to "room level" (*Zimmerlautstärke*). His latest collection contains a string of ...

"the words *fish* and *error* sound similar in Czech", a self-conscious and ineffective device.

It would be something of an understatement to call Heinrich Böll's first collection of poetry "occasional verses". *Gedichte* spans the period 1965-1971, and it contains a mere nine poems. These fall into two main categories: what might loosely be termed the antithetical poems, and a trio on Cologne. In the first the poems follow a simple pattern of contrasting statements. The language is straightforward, "unpoetic" even. In one of them, "Meine Muse", his Muse is described as taking various representative and symbolic guises—prostitute, nun, factory worker, old woman, housewife, leprous pariah, German—which severally and collectively decline to be bountiful to the poet.

One can only be grateful to Euterpe for her tightfistedness, especially in the case of a pretentious piece like "Aufforderung zum Oho-Sagen", a title which sounds like imitation Brecht and which might be rendered as "Catch a falling Starfighter":

und wenn dann
ungefähr im Dezember 1975
der 250. abstürzt
wird vielleicht doch einmal
jemand "Oho" sagen
hörbar

and then when
about December 1975
the 250th crashes
perhaps this once
someone will say "Oho"
out loud

When Böll is dealing with immediate political and social themes, it is most evident that his gifts lie elsewhere than in the poetic sphere.

But the Cologne poems have more to them: here Böll is characteristically exploring the past through the medium of a specific event or time, from the present moment back into the temporarily remote but spatially close

. . . Mauerreste
tief tief
unter dem Dom

. . . remains of walls
deep deep
under the cathedral

The long "Köln III", although repetitive and overwritten, pointedly castigates the urban renewers whose "Presslufthammerflakregimenter" are destroying the city far more effectively than the Allied bombing during the Second World War. It is a battle of humanity against profit, religion against Mammon:

die Baukräne des WDR
gehören zum Stadtbild
wie früher
bevor die Preussen kamen
die des Doms

the cranes of WDR
are part of the city's face
as once
before the Prussians came
those of the cathedral

But even here, Böll's verses do not rise above the level of a modest talent. He would be well advised to stick to billiards.

Karl Krolow, by contrast, writes with all the power and authority of a true poet. His is a distinctive voice, melancholy but not self-pitying, elegiac without in any way being morbid. In his hands, the poem is neither a self-effacing framework for commitment nor a vehicle for extreme experimentation; it is unashamedly an art form.

As the title indicates, *Zeitvergehen* is concerned with the elusiveness of the present, the mystery of time, man's existence and identity within a time continuum. Krolow is so preoccupied with his theme that there is far less room for the associative word-play of earlier volumes; phrases like "the duel of the shadows in the foliage", "in the wasp-yellow noon" have given way to a more earnest and contemplative mood.

The passage of time is no new theme for Krolow; a previous poem had observed that "as I sleep the day grows older". But one senses that Krolow is now more deeply involved in this theme. One poem in particular captures the atmosphere of *Zeitvergehen*, "Strassenphotographie vom Sommer":

Die Strassenphotographie vom Sommer
zeigt nicht den Schlaf
reifender Äpfel.
Niemand achtet
auf die reale Biographie
einiger Blumen im Baumschatten.
Fensterläden bleiben geschlossen
wie bei Unruhen . . .

The summer street photograph
does not show the slumber
of ripening apples.
No one heeds
the real biography
of a few flowers in the tree's shade.
The shutters remain closed
as in times of trouble . . .

The photograph cannot "freeze" the processes of life and the passage of time; these continue remorselessly, and here is a hint of desperation in the description of ... shutters barricaded against ...

Krolow is concerned ... day objects and experien... people, possessions, houses, ... ships with women. The re... of any of these brings for... his consciousness the reali... ing: "The room wall pee... skin." *Zeitvergehen* dem... forcibly that it is still possi... poet to explore private ... convincingly and meaning... vein of "mainstream" ... lyric poetry in Germany ... being worked out.

In the Small Hotel

There they must live forever, under soft lights,
The cheated at their favourite separate tables,
Inactive thirds of tender adulteries.

They stare into a light that is always evening,
Their eyes divided, as if distracted by
The ghost of something only one eye sees

Sleep-walking in plastic darkness
Around the night-clubs. They sit like chessmen
At their white round squares, waiting to be moved.

No one makes conversation. A hand
May absently arrange roses in a vase
Or wave away the leering gypsy fiddler.

Chefs please no one there and the waiters stamp
Untipped among customers too vague and lost
To ever think of coming back to commerce.

People we did not want or could not keep;
Someone did this to them, over and over
Wanting their unhappiness until it happened.

Over the dewy grass with a small suitcase
Love comes trotting and stops to hold on a shoe.
To go away with *her*! To drive the limousine

With contraceptives in the glove compartment
Beside the chocolates and packaged orchid
And find that new Arcadia replacing Hollywood!

Remote and amatory, that style of life
In which no one offends or intrudes.
They might as well live in their wardrobes.

DOUGLAS D...

In France's interests

MAURICE COUVE de MURVILLE:
Une Politique étrangère 1958-1969
499pp. Paris: Plon. 33.60fr.

HERBERT TINT:
French Foreign Policy since the Second World War
273pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.25.

Maurice Couve de Murville became General de Gaulle's minister for foreign affairs in ...e 1958, and remained at this ...t until the events of May ...68 had led to Gaullist victory ... the elections and to the dis...ssal of Pompidou. He then became ...me Minister and retired only ...en the General resigned. He there...e ruled over the French Foreign ...ice longer than any other French...n, beating the record held by ...izot (and there are those who ...nt to the similarities between ...se highly cerebral French Pro...tants, even noting that it was dur... the terms of office of those who ...st admired England that the ...nish marriages and the question ... admission to the Common Market ...ated the gravest crises in Franco-...tish relations).

He is a man who has been highly ...ised for his seriousness, his intel...ence and his dedication. De Gaulle ...mself used to say that it would be ...cessary to go a long way back in ...ench history to find someone who ... as distinguished as Couve. While ...ain like Guizot) he was never ...pular, and never enjoyed electoral ...cess, his mastery of diplomacy has ...ely been called into question, and ... own account of the conduct of ...eign affairs during the first eleven ...rs of the Fifth Republic forms an ...portant and significant book. It ...n no way personal, and there are ... revelations. The style is calm, ... method patient, the presentation ...thy. Apart from an unexpected ...mber of exclamation marks, there ... an atmosphere of officialdom ...oughout the chapters, each of ...ich deals with a major topic, such ... the United States, Soviet Russia, ...many, Europe and England.

...ot unnaturally, the whole is ...ant to stand as a defence of the ...icies and actions for which ...neral de Gaulle and M Couve de ...rville were responsible. The ...thor begins by referring to the ...e with which de Gaulle discussed ... meditated the important acts of ... policy, and he is at pains to stress ... and to dismiss the notion that ... Gaulle could behave as a gambler ...ing a risk or a romantic letting ...self go. He concludes by stating ... belief that during these eleven ... French foreign policy was ...ntially realistic and in that sense the period which has been called "Gaullist" is in no way to be associated simply with a person, but is rather to be seen as something permanent, according with the fundamental interests of France.

Herbert Tint, in a much shorter book, covers a wider period, since he writes about the immediate postwar period and tentatively ventures into the period after de Gaulle's retirement. But it is not so much the rapidity with which he gallops through complicated problems of diplomacy, nor the cavalier way in which he organizes his material, so that Franco-British relations, for example, have to fit in to the chapter principally concerned with France and Germany, which distinguishes him from M Couve de Murville. It is rather an attitude of mind towards his subject, which can be described as critical but would probably be more accurately described as arrogant. He has no time for anyone who thinks that "the French", as he likes to call them, have succeeded in establishing any influence for themselves. We are continually told about policies which were "merely displays of opportunism", about inconsistency, paradox, lack of realism, sulking, failure to see the point, or optimism being "stretched to the point of lunacy". At best, "it is not easy to see why" some particular policy was pursued, "even the most obtuse" could see its defects, and "a saner assessment" is sometimes forthcoming.

Naturally it is de Gaulle who receives most of this sharp criticism, and we have to note that the first eleven years of the Fifth Republic are described as "the Gaullist interlude", with Dr Tint looking forward to the dust of "these uncertain post-1958 years" settling and the natural French political traditions preventing the continuation of a system whereby a single man should rule the country alone for seven years at a time. Proportionate to the time-span of the book, especially since references to the post-1969 period are fragmentary, this is a longish "interlude", and it is a pity that the author has not provided the argument and evidence with which to sustain such judgments. It is perhaps wiser to say, as one writer did, that the French were not able to see beyond the ends of their noses, but what they did see they saw very clearly.

It is interesting to compare the two authors in their treatment of Franco-German relations. M Couve de Murville outlines certain themes, such as the close collaboration between the French and the Germans on Common Market matters, Adenauer's gratitude towards de Gaulle because he opposed any idea of neutralizing Germany and because of his loyal behaviour during the abortive summit conference of 1960. He underlines the necessity of there being direct negotiations between France and Germany, as from state to state, but at no point does he underestimate the difficulties which continually beset Franco-German agreement. His first meetings with Herr Schroeder in particular are described as "quelque peu orageux", and the German attitude to the United States (even during "l'amateurisme", as it is called, of Kennedy's diplomacy) always contrasted sharply with that of the French government. That there were other, more political, subjects of difference is also stated, including the suggestion that Bonn, in touch with the political opposition in Paris, expected that de Gaulle's government might have been shaken by the referendum on Algeria in January 1961.

It is clear, from start to finish, that the Franco-German alliance was a long tussle, in which it was not always the French who were taking the initiative for more formal agreement, but where it was the French who constantly had in mind the long-term policy of a Franco-German union which would be "un élément substantiel et autonome d'un futur équilibre continental". In spite of its disappointments (and M Couve de Murville mentions, as a final example of unfortunate German action, his belief that it was the over-precipitate Ostpolitik of Willy Brandt which caused the Soviet Union to take action in Prague), this French policy was bold and European. Dr Tint is more inclined to dismiss it as a great piece of nonsense, a form of *trompe l'oeil* which could subsist while Adenauer was there, but was eventually seen for the thin thing it was by 1968. De Gaulle is said to have treated Adenauer "shabbily", his Atlantic policy was totally at variance with his German policy, his desire for a *rapprochement* with the Soviet Union only alarmed the Germans, and he seems to have got along by a mixture of bluffing, threatening and blindness. At the end, Dr Tint aligns himself with those who think that the only valuable product of the Franco-German alliance was the considerable number of young people who went on exchange visits between the two countries.

It could be that Dr Tint is right. There is no reason why one should accept M Couve de Murville's defence of his policy, and on the evidence he himself produces it can be asked whether it might not have been wiser to go for Franco-British agreement as the basis for European understanding. He moves rapidly over the long negotiations between the French and Germans after the French withdrawal from Nato and does not mention the assurances which de Gaulle had to give. Nor will everyone agree with him that this withdrawal did not weaken the defence of Europe.

But Dr Tint would have done well to have imitated this form of analysis, especially if he was going to differ in his conclusions. He never tries to understand French policy (nor incidentally does he try to understand the Germans, although he refers to their "understandable and touching" desire to maintain friendly relations with France). When faced with such a rich subject, it is regrettable that he has shown so little curiosity, and when considering events which require a good deal of thought and investigation, it is a pity that he should have been so dismissive. Lord Curzon's remark that the French always subordinated even the most trivial issues to general considerations of expediency "based on far-reaching plans for the relentless promotion of French prestige" reminds us that the British have always had strong views on French foreign policy. What is needed is a careful explanation of what that policy has been, and it is disappointing that this first volume in a new series of Foreign Policy Studies has not provided it.

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TIMES PAST THE TIMES

T·L·S

72nd Year · 12 January 1973 · No. 3,697

Viewpoint

BY GRAHAM HOUGH

WE ARE ENTERING Europe, Mr Brownjohn informed us last week. Well, we can hardly be doing that, since we have never been anywhere else. We are in fact joining an economic and political association, consisting up to now of six countries of Western Europe, with whom our geographical and cultural links have always been close. We would have done better to join when we were first asked to, fifteen years ago; and if our later accession has been a difficult one we have largely ourselves to thank. Better late than never. Nothing in the political world today can command unqualified jubilation; but this is an occasion for hope, for a tribute to the tireless patience of the negotiators, for a temperate but profound satisfaction. Since we have been long on rhetoric, positive or negative, and rather short on reasons lately, let me state the reasons for satisfaction.

> Considering that world peace may be safeguarded only by creative efforts equal to the dangers which menace it;
>
> Convinced that the contribution which an organized and vital Europe can bring to civilization is indispensable to the maintenance of peaceful relations;
>
> Conscious of the fact that Europe can be built only by concrete actions which create a real solidarity and by the establishment of common bases for economic development:

we have taken the one step possible to unite ourselves with those whose earlier and more acute consciousness of these matters has already led to action. The lines just quoted come from the preamble to the treaty setting up the European Coal and Steel Community in 1950. It is interesting to note that simply as a piece of writing this is greatly superior to the sour letter on the Common Market devised by Mr Brownjohn and signed by thirty-seven English writers in July, 1971; as a political document it is of course on a level of seriousness to which this odd assortment of literary persons does not aspire. The treaty to which it belongs is one of those that Mr Brownjohn's signatories call "a blatant commercial arrangement". Their tender sensibilities have failed to notice that this and the treaties that followed it are also something else—a planned relinquishment of some measure of national sovereignty. All men of good will have known this to be necessary ever since the First World War. All global professions of this intent, first by the League then by the UN, have collapsed in flat disregard of the principles invoked. Perhaps these principles, in our present state of political evolution, can be put into practice only by a small group of nations with a common heritage. At all events, only the Six, in their limited sphere, have taken positive steps to sink the differences of nation states in a common policy. The Six are now the Nine; they are not Europe, and Europe is not the world; but the Nine are at the heart of one of the most vital and productive areas of the world; and a pilot project of this kind may well provide a model beyond the limits of one portion of the Western Hemisphere. Our attempts to be with them but not of them have failed; there is nothing to do but to join them.

We made our contribution to the salvation of Europe in 1940 and the five years following, and it is one of which we have no reason to be ashamed. Since then our record has not been a brilliant one.

> All, all of a piece throughout;
> Thy chase had a beast in view;
> Thy wars brought nothing about;
> Thy lovers were all untrue.
> 'Tis well an old age is out
> And time to begin a new.

Dryden's lines for an earlier New Year sum up our history since 1945 with disquieting aptness, and on January 1 of this year they seem to fall into place. Something did happen on that day besides ritual intoxication and Auld Lang Syne. But New Year's Days are idols of the imagination, and other red-letter days often little less so. We know very well that all history is an unbroken web, that there are no real beginnings and no real ends, and that what seem to be beginnings and ends are only so by our arbitrary punctuation marks. Every climactic event has its roots far in the past, every institution carries the seeds of its own transformation, and the outwardly manifested new start is only the ratification of a process that has been going on unnoticed for years. This is the case with our entry into EEC. Much of what it implies has already happened, partly by a mere negative process of attrition, partly by positive rapprochements that have not been sufficiently remarked.

When I began my adult life, going out to the Far East in 1930, most young Englishmen who were not content to stay at home looked to a career in some part of that quarter of the world that was still painted imperial red. To the young now this is only a quaint historical memory. The ties with the White Commonwealth have become gradually attenuated—or in the case of South Africa and Rhodesia violently broken. The hopes for the Black Commonwealth have vanished in Ghana and Blafra and Uganda. We are not wanted there, or are wanted on terms to which we cannot with any self-respect accede. When I finally came home in 1950 it was to find another illusion establishing itself—the magnetic attraction of America. For the next ten years or more a large proportion of my academic colleagues were sitting on the edges of their chairs waiting for their next sabbatical leave in the United States; and considering the wealth, the glitter of that Shangri-La, almost unscarred by the bloody history of the previous decade, one can hardly be surprised. On the national scale we saw a foreign policy bedevilled by the "special relationship" with the United States, adroitly capitalized by de Gaulle on the occasions when it suited him to keep us out of a European partnership that he hoped to dominate. Well, all that has gone now; there is no "special relationship". No one now looks to America for light or leading, or even glitter. The hideous prolongation of the Vietnam War has sunk American moral prestige lower than ever before, and American potentialities as a cultural force have almost disappeared.

All this is commonplace, and not exhilarating. Our old love affairs have worn thin, or turned out to be misalliances. A cynic could say that we are turning to Europe because we have nowhere else to turn. A more careful spectator could say that we have been there all the time, and are now transforming into a political bond a cultural bond that has always been real and has been growing steadily more active in recent years. A private citizen without special opportunities can speak only of what has come under his own observation. This is what has come under mine. Till about seven years ago every young academic, every graduate student who wanted to widen his professional experience and see a bit of the world had only one thought—to go to America. The year in the States was *de rigueur* for all but the least enterprising. Now nobody thinks of it, unless impelled by failure at home or allured by a really heavy bribe. The young want a lectureship in Tübingen or an assistantship in Paris. In our own universities a few years back "visiting scholars" was almost a synonym for Americans; now they are as likely to be French or Italian or Dutch. In the 1950s new critical ideas, novel methodologies, were all expected to come from the States.

Now that stream has dried up, and it is structuralist and neo-Marxist ideas, mainly from French sources, that excite the student intelligentsia. The linguistic attainments in our schools are still pretty poor; but increasingly undergraduates are ashamed of this; and the language laboratories are crowded with people learning German or Italian (or Spanish or Russian for that matter) quite outside the system. No doubt these are special cases, and they have nothing particular to do with EEC; but they chart a current of feeling; they indicate a return to what is historically considered a more normal European situation after an Atlantic episode that will probably prove to have been a cultural aberration. Of course the English were never insular; but they are now seeking outlets from their island in a different direction.

At this point it is customary for those in my trade to offer a short history of English literature with special reference to its French and Italian sources, beginning with Chaucer and ending with T. S. Eliot. And a rather shorter history of European literature with special reference to British influences upon it, beginning (if you miss out King Arthur) with Locke and Richardson, passing to Scott and Dickens, and ending with a guarded reference to Beckett, the amphibious Franco-Irishman to whom our claim is not very strong. I could do this; but perhaps it is not necessary. There has never been a time when these multitudinous linkages have been forgotten, and text-book platitudes may even impair our conception of the deeply interwoven character of European intellectual life. They have never been forgotten, that is to say, in their own realm—that of culture; in the political and economic realm they may often disappear from sight. And it is indeed genuinely difficult to know what weight to attach to cultural factors in political life. We can see the embarrassment it causes to Mr Brownjohn; when he hears the word culture he reaches for his inverted commas. We have seen the rhetoric of culture used to cover rapacity and aggression too often; and it is proper to be wary. In the present case there is no such danger; but it would not be difficult to disguise a false political arrangement under quite true propaganda derived from the cultural field; and this, I have found lately, is what professed Marketeers who are also known to be literate are apt to be accused of.

A member of Mr Wilson's entourage, and therefore a professional anti-Marketeer, said to me recently: "There is no reason for it—unless you want to go in because of Goethe and Beethoven." The honest answer would have been, Yes, being as I am I do want to go in because of Goethe and Beethoven—and because of Dante and Breughel and Ronsard and Flaubert and Giovanni Bellini ... but I realized that in this context the response would have been less than compelling. I hoped he wanted to talk about the price of butter, because I sometimes think about that too; but I fear he was just turning his coat along with his leader, and willing to desert his fellow Social Democrats in Europe for the sake of a possible electoral advantage at home. It is a strong motive to feel that the community of art and letters that has always been a living reality should in some measure be completed and actualized in a political community too. No stronger now than at any time since the Renaissance; but th[e] difference. For the first t[ime] history there is now an op[...] to do something concrete [...] tive about it, to translate i[...] something that has be[en] existed in the realm of i[...] tical action must sprin[g] political motives, motive[s] particular and immediate; outcome must remain unkn[own] is why our satisfaction sho[uld] inordinate. But in this immediate political action seen as seconding, abet[ting], filling out an idea of uni[...] far more compelling and of [...] standing. That is why our tion should also be profou[nd].

It can of course be said th[at this] is beside the point; and inde[ed] we are joining is primarily [an econo]mic community. This seem[s a] sore point with the signat[ories] Mr Brownjohn's letter, w[ho are] repelled by "blatant co[mmercial] arrangements". I shou[ld have] thought that even English [men of] letters had heard by now [that cul]tural superstructures have [a rela]tion to an economic base. [If] they have not, and in case th[ey] feel unwilling to receive th[is] from its fountain head, let [...] Popper—hardly an adv[ocate of] Marxian pan-economism:

> Everyone has learnt fro[m ...] that the development even [...] cannot be fully underst[ood if the] history of ideas is treated [without] mentioning the condition[s of its] origin and the situation [of its] originators, among whi[ch condi]tions the economic aspect [is highly] significant.

The fundamental trouble [with the] debate we have just bee[n through] and that still continues is [that the] vast majority of the inhab[itants of] these islands have no compe[tence to] judge of the economic [issues in]volved. We are left to [trust to] authority. But whose [...] since the experts so manif[estly dis]agree? Here as far as I [am con]cerned things become jus[t a little] clearer. I do know some [eco]nomists who write against [acces]sion to the Community. An[d ...] on non-economic grounds th[at what]ever side they are on I woul[d want to] be on the other.

The Southern Review
Winter 1973

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FICTION

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A Saxon in the ranks of Tuscany

THE CHANGEABLE CAREER OF CURZIO MALAPARTE

[C]URZIO MALAPARTE :
[Il] ballo al Cremlino e altri inediti [di] romanzo
[...]9pp. Florence : Vallecchi. L.6,000.

CURZIO MALAPARTE died in 1957; [...] and *Il ballo al Cremlino* is the seventh volume of posthumous [wri]tings to have appeared since [th]en. Did he leave such a vast [am]ount of unpublished material that [fou]rteen years are not enough for [its] editing? More important, were [the]se works worth publishing, and [are] they worth reading? Awkward [qu]estions, to be sure, but then some [pe]ople may well ask whether there [is] anything at all of Malaparte's that [ca]n honestly be recommended.

Well, *Kaputt*, of course, and with [so]me reservations *La pelle*, and. . . . [Bu]t perhaps we ought to go back [to] the beginning. Italian and un-[Ita]lian, Fascist and anti-Fascist, [Fra]ncophobe and Francophile, half-[Ge]rman but anti-German, a Marxist [wh]o died a Christian, Malaparte [ma]naged to be everything and its [op]posite at the same time. Either [by] chance or by choice, he regu[lar]ly found himself swimming [aga]inst the stream: no wonder if [he] made more enemies than friends. Mussolini had ample reasons for [ban]ishing him to Lipari, even if his [*Ar*]*itate dell'Arcitaliano* (1928) [ar]e perhaps the only good (or [rea]dable) poems to be inspired by [Fas]cism, and no less a man than [Pie]ro Gobetti described him as "[th]e best pen of Fascism". Could [the] poet claim the immunity of the [cl]own when the dictator weighed [the] adulation of

> [S]punta il sole e canta il gallo
> [O] Mussolini monta a cavallo

[aga]inst the derision of Fascism con[tain]ed in *Italia barbara* (1925)? "[In] this false, mediocre modern Italy [...] not long to live, she will not [...]. . . ." Not many Italian writers [at] the time had Malaparte's cour[age].

Then came his *Technique du coup d'état* (1931), published in French, [ac]claimed in Paris, and immediately [tra]nslated into English and German, [and] banned in Fascist Italy and pre-[Nazi] Germany as well as in Soviet [Rus]sia. It is true that the book is [nei]ther communist nor democratic, [bu]t it is certainly not Fascist either, [and] it is hard to understand how [Mal]aparte could imagine that on [com]ing back from Paris he would [be a]cclaimed in Rome.

[In]stead he was sent to Lipari, but [it] was a blessing in disguise: [forc]ed inactivity caused him to con[cen]trate on purely literary pursuits, [and] out of Lipari came some fine [boo]ks. The stories collected in *Fughe* [*in*] *prigione* ("Flights in Prison" [...]), *Sangue* ("Blood" 1937), [*Do*]*nna come me* ("Woman like me" [...]), are decidedly better than any[thi]ng he had written before, includ[ing] the famous *Technique*. His poli[tica]l essay may have great lucidity [and] be brilliantly prophetic about [the] roles and destinies of Hitler [and] Stalin in their own countries [and] in Europe, but it pales beside [Mal]aparte's touching memories of [chil]dhood and Tuscany, the fantasies [of] love and freedom in which the [pris]oner indulges. "Primo amore" ("[Fi]rst Love"), the story of a young [man] who reacts at the sight of a [...] naked girl asleep in a field by [an i]mpulse to murder her; "Donna [co]me me", a sort of prose-poem in [pra]ise of the imaginary woman [who] would make him happy; "[Ci]ttà come me" ("City like [me]"), a delightful description of the [ide]al city in which he would like to [live]—here are three stories that may [cert]ainly be recommended.

[Fr]eed from the "confino" by [Cian]o's intervention, and having [than]ked Mussolini with the famous [post]card ("Saluti sconfinati"), [Mal]aparte stuck for a time to his [liter]ary inclinations. He founded and [edit]ed *Prospettive*, a literary maga[zine] that did much to deprovincialize [Ita]lian letters, exposing them to the [infl]uence of Surrealism and other [ava]nt-garde movements. And when [he] left for the French front as a [war] correspondent, in 1940, *Pros[pet]tive* published his warm salute [to] "Lieutenant Breton and Captain [Élu]ard". Italy was at war with [Fran]ce, but Malaparte could not be [at] war with the French poets; he [was] not exactly in line with the Duce.

[T]he horror of the war was the [ins]piration of *Kaputt* (1944). The [sin]cerity of Malaparte's moral dis[gust] for the violence, cruelty, [deva]station, and inhuman suffering [caus]ed by the war has been doubted, [as] a genuine horror of such evils [cou]ld not be reconciled with the [vani]ty, exhibitionism, and journal[isti]c zest for the sensational that [alwa]ys urged him to be present [wher]ever anything particularly monstrous happened. But a good journalist has to be present, and Malaparte was an excellent journalist. It has been said, too, that the suffering of animals moved him more than the suffering of people, that the dead horses in the frozen lakes of Finland were for him a more unbearable sight than the defiled girls of Soroca or the crucified Jews of Jassy. But this is simply not true, though Malaparte's very unItalian love of animals should endear him to the British.

Malaparte in the last year of his life. He is wearing a surgical mask to protect others from infection, as he was suffering from acute tuberculosis.

A sincere, deeply felt pity for the decadence and humiliation of Europe runs throughout *Kaputt*. No other writer, perhaps, has brought out so vividly the tragic reality of ruin and desolation, and on this account *Kaputt* rightly deserves its universal success and the reputation of being Malaparte's best work. But an absolute masterpiece it is not. The style is very often terribly overcharged and contrived, the D'Annunzian "sensual love of the word" too frequently interposes itself between the genuine emotion and its representation, so that the most moving scene seems to become only a pretext for a bravura passage. And the snobbishness, the name-dropping are unbearable: Malaparte has known everybody and tasted everything. Kings, aristocrats, statesmen, men of letters, lovely women, vintage wines, exotic food—what a menagerie, what a bazaar! "I recognized the hands of the Hohenzollern." Alas, we recognize the provincialism of the parvenu.

La pelle (1949) is a sort of continuation of *Kaputt*, in which the author's observation moves from occupied Europe to liberated Italy: the last chapter of *Kaputt*, whose subject is Naples, links the two books together. As frequently happens when a successful work has a sequel, the best tricks become stale and boring through repetition, and the effort very often misfires. The pity that Malaparte had shown for Europe in general is not lacking, of course, when he deals with Italy, but instead of an objective representation of the sufferings of the people, what he gives us is a somewhat biased interpretation of history, diluted into a series of unconnected, sensational episodes, and interspersed with diatribes and tirades.

Malaparte's *bête noire* is, of course, Marxism, and especially the Italian Communist Party, but the other parties do not fare much better, nor do the Allies, and especially the Americans, escape bitter criticism. Malaparte's political position was always very difficult to define, but in *La pelle* it often seems to coincide with that systematic negation of all ideologies which had a brief moment of favour in Italy at that time, and passed by the name of *qualunquismo*.

After *La pelle*, Malaparte left Italy again. Fascism and anti-Fascism had both failed. The degradation of the country had touched bottom. The Italians, and even the Neapolitans whose character he had tried to vindicate, were all up in arms against *La pelle*, which they found defamatory. He went on a long trip to South America, then travelled in Europe and spent some time in Germany, writing all the time for several newspapers and passing judgment on Europe. His verdict was collected posthumously in *Mamma marcia* ("Rotten Mother") and is very pessimistic indeed: Europe is dead.

But in Europe one people is alive: the Tuscans. Curiously, or rather very appropriately in his case, the writing of the articles that went into *Mamma marcia* was accompanied by a series of pieces in praise of Tuscany and the Tuscans, published in 1956 under the title *Maledetti toscani* ("Confounded Tuscans"). They make a delightful, very provocative, very convincing book, illuminating the Tuscans both as they are ("The only free people, the only one in Italy that has never suffered foreign domination") and in their relations with the rest of Italy ("A dead Tuscan is worth more than all the other living Italians put together").

The "other Italians" were not likely to accept this. But Malaparte had something in store that would please them too. Along with the articles that went into *Maledetti toscani* he had been writing at the same time another series of pieces on the Italians of other regions. These too were collected posthumously, under the title *Benedetti italiani* ("Blessed Italians"), and they too make very good reading. The Italians are "the most slandered people in the world"; in Italy "an aura of natural dignity surrounds every thing and everyone"; the Venetians are "without doubt the gentlest people in Italy" and the Romans "the noblest in the world". But the Piedmontese "were mistaken when they thought that Italy was a *European* country: Italy is, and has always been, an *Oriental* country", and Piedmont "the western borderland of Levantine Italy".

The Orient, in any case, was Malaparte's last infatuation. He went to China in 1956 at the invitation of Chairman Mao, and had just time to write some brilliant chapters in praise of "the deep sense of balance and humanity" of the Chinese revolution, and in admiration for the very Tuscan qualities of the Chinese people, when a sudden illness caused him to fly back to Rome. He lived on in agony for a few months, and just before dying became a Roman Catholic.

A book on China (and Russia) was the first to appear posthumously, followed immediately by *Mamma marcia* and *Benedetti italiani*. These were well worth publishing but the same hardly applies to his fourth posthumous book, *L'inglese in paradiso* ("The Englishman in Paradise"). Malaparte knew little English and few English people. He visited England and Scotland as a journalist from Paris for only a few weeks in 1933, and a French angle is clearly discernible in many of his pronouncements on the British. He sees D. H. Lawrence (the author, according to him, of *Amante e figlio* or "Lover and Son") through the eyes of Eugène Marsan, and Edward VII through those of André Maurois. The only passages in the book which are really warm and deeply felt are those in which he reminisces about Paris and *la belle époque*. And in a (mediocre) extravaganza about the time, before Caesar's landing, when the Channel was no larger than the Seine, the only humour lies in the description of what the French thought of the British and vice versa.

It is not surprising, then, that the book which followed, *Diario d'uno straniero a Parigi* ("Journal of a Foreigner in Paris"), is much better. Malaparte had a real liking for the French, understood them well, and, as we have seen, even defied the wartime censor for their sake; whereas much of the rubbish he wrote before the war about the British was perfectly in line with Fascist propaganda.

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VALLENTINE MITCHELL
67 Great Russell Street
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and one of the poorest) are obviously unfinished novels, and others are probably sketches for intended novels. Among these "La congiura" ("The Conspiracy"), which contains some innocent-looking passages on Lesbian love, belongs to the erotic vein running through much of Malaparte's work. That vein flows copiously throughout this book. The wonderful opening of "Alberto e Clelia" and the whole of "Il sogno" ("The Dream"), both based on a brother-and-sister relationship, are among the best examples of Malaparte's D'Annunzio-like gift for elevating sensuality into poetry.

There is no denying that Malaparte owed much to D'Annunzio: he had, however, something that was totally lacking in D'Annunzio: a sense of humour and a capacity for self-criticism. The first, which was abundant in *Kaputt*, is also noticeable in *Il ballo al Cremlino*, especially in "Cacciatori di mosche" ("Fly Hunters"), an amusing story about a Neapolitan family and its trade. The second makes its appearance here and there, but triumphs in a surprising piece called "Un uomo morto non è morto" ("A Dead Man is not Dead"), which relates an imaginary trial of Mussolini and confesses Malaparte's own errors.

The shortest pieces, either deriving from the memories of childhood which had inspired *Sangue*, or springing from the mature Malaparte's infatuation for Capri, are generally good, but the plum is the title story. According to the author's intentions, and in his own (typically French-laden) words, *Il ballo al Cremlino* should have been "a faithful portrait of the Marxist aristocracy of Soviet Russia, the Communist *haute société* of Moscow, with its scandals, its courtiers and favourites and profiteers, its *fêtes galantes* and balls, its *lettres de cachet* and conspiracies". Everything in the novel was to be true: men and women, events, things and places. In fact the characters keep their own names, from Stalin, Lunacharsky and Litvinov to Mayakovsky, Bulgakov and Marika, the girl from Intourist.

What we have of the novel (six chapters) is interesting and attractive enough to make us regret that it was not finished, but it is easy to understand why it was not. Obviously, it was started at the time of Malaparte's first visit to Russia (1929) and resumed after the war. Up to that time his ideas about the evolution of Soviet society could have made the book a success, but with the death of Stalin and the advent of Khrushchev all its "prophetic" value was lost. Some of the fragments now published, especially those concerning a few pre-Revolutionary characters, pathe[tic mem]bers of the old aristocracy [...] age just to survive, and [...] satire of the new (Marx[ist aristo]cracy, show Malaparte at [...]

The best, that is, of the [...] or rather Central Europ[ean] Suckert, as opposed to [...] Malaparte. The son of [a] dyer from Saxony always [...] German origin as a sort [of] [...] around his neck, and tried to get rid of it. He changed [...] to Curzio Malaparte and [...] *Arcitaliano*, emphasizing [...] qualities. From this [...] came some of his best [...] German Romanticism, [...] predilection for morbid [...] German Weltschmerz were [...] sible components of his [...] They show all through [...] *La pelle*, and they give [...] ished novel its curious flavour.

To the Editor

Fathers and Children

Sir,—Absence abroad has prevented me from replying earlier to the review of my lecture on *Fathers and Children* (December 22, 1972). Your reviewer speaks of my "unacknowledged omissions and misrepresentations of the original", of my "rearrangement" of Turgenev's text "to suit [my] thesis", and of "factual errors concerning the models for Bazarov and the state of present scholarship on the novel", besides unspecified "minor faults"—all of which, in his view, "impair the grounds of the argument".

An attack on my views, whatever its nature, I should leave unanswered; but I cannot allow to pass unchallenged criticisms which amount to imputations of dishonesty and of culpable ignorance.

First, "omissions and misrepresentations"; the only examples adduced by your reviewer occur in the quotation from Belinsky which forms the epigraph (not, as he says, "the opening paragraph") of my lecture. The paragraph from Belinsky's celebrated letter to Gogol, from which my quotation comes, is some 300 words long, and I chose from it the sentences which made my (and Belinsky's) point, indicating all omissions save one by the normal conventional signs. The only omission not so indicated goes as follows: "The title of poet, the calling of a man of letters, has amongst us long overshadowed the tinsel of epaulettes and uniforms of many colours"; this adds nothing material to the words that I quoted. The other (clearly indicated) omissions consist of Belinsky's assertion that the reputations of Pushkin and Gogol declined in popular estimation after they had, in Belinsky's view, gone over to the establishment: this, likewise, merely serves to underline the indictment and the moral and social presuppositions on which it was based. (The Russian edition that I have used is *V. G. Belinsky, Articles and Reviews*, edited by F. M. Golovenchenko, Ogiz, Moscow, 1948, which, in the relevant paragraph, differs from the full USSR Academy edition by two words: *mrak*—"the darkness of"—is substituted for "Russian" before the words "autocracy, Orthodoxy", etc.) So much for the charge of misrepresentation.

Secondly, my alleged "rearrangement" of the text of *Fathers and Children*. I have no idea what your reviewer means by this: my references to, and occasional quotations from, Turgenev's novel are intended (like my quotations from, and references to, other texts) to illustrate my view of Turgenev's predicament, or throw light upon his outlook and personality. Your reviewer must have known that this lecture was not intended to provide—indeed, no lecture could provide—a continuous exposition of the novel or a page by page, episode by episode, commentary upon it.

Thirdly, "factual errors concerning the models for Bazarov". There is, of course, a considerable literature about this. Turgenev himself speaks of a Dr D., who died before 1860 "and other similar people". N. A. Ostrovskaya reports a conversation with Turgenev in 1873 in which he spoke of a young man exiled to Siberia whom he met in the train (identified by Polovtsev with a Dr Dimitriev). On the basis of Ostrovskaya's account, M Granjard, followed by Yarmolinsky (in the revised version of his biography), speaks of two models for Bazarov, both doctors, one of whom, according to him, Turgenev met in the Isle of Wight. Chernov speaks of one doctor only, whom he calls Yakushkin; and Pustovoit and others, including Professor Freeborn in his standard work, support the "single model" theory. Still others have pressed the claims of Belinsky, Dobrolyubov and, strangely enough, Tolstoy for this role. When I delivered the lecture I was convinced by the Granjard-Yarmolinsky thesis. I am now inclined to think that Turgenev's own words should outweigh Ostrovskaya's report, and it seems to me that Herzen settled the issue when he said that there had been something of Bazarov in himself, in Belinsky, in Bakunin, and in other pro-Western radicals of the time. Such identifications are rarely certain, nor has the precise identity of the model or models for Bazarov any bearing on the points I sought to make; and, in any case, it seems strange indeed to speak of "factual errors" in connexion with this welter of conjectures and hypotheses. Nor do I know (as yet) of anything in "the state of present scholarship on the novel" (to familiarity with which, in all its languages, I lay no claim) to "impair the grounds of the argument" or to invalidate my conclusions.

I cannot deal with the "minor faults" imputed to me by your reviewer, since he does not specify them. But I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my regret for a number of misprints, mispunctuations and the like, none of which, however, could conceivably mislead the reader, save for one egregious blunder (not mentioned by your reviewer) in the appendix on Dostoevsky, where (page 62, line 34) "Am I not right about this?" should read "I might write about this". But even this genuine error (the cause of which is plain enough) does not in any way affect my argument. I hope that my other "minor faults" are no more serious than those I have mentioned above, and that any innuendoes your reviewer may seek to base upon them are equally lacking in substance.

ISAIAH BERLIN.

Wolfson College, Oxford.

❦ Our reviewer writes:—I am glad of the vigorous and ample rebuttal of my criticisms which Sir Isaiah offers in his letter. This kind of response to a review keeps the reviewer on his toes and at least reassures him that someone has read what he has written. I would like to take this opportunity of wishing Sir Isaiah the utmost vigour of mind and heart in the New Year and express the hope that he will continue his research into the dilemma of Turgenev's liberalism.

He has dealt with the unacknowledged omissions to which I referred in mentioning the opening paragraph (wrongly, I admit: it is a long epigraph) from Belinsky. When I talked of "misrepresentations" I was careful to use this word rather than "mistranslations", for to employ the words "in the whole of our society" to translate the Russian word *obshchy* is to misrepresent what Belinsky wrote. If he had wished to use some phrase such as "vsego nashego obshchestva" he could have done so without fear of censorship: he was not writing for publication. He chose not to. Sir Isaiah should respect the text to that extent.

When I mentioned "rearrangement" of the text of *Fathers and Children*, I could have said "misquotation" of the text. On pages 27-28 of his lecture he quotes Bazarov as saying to Arkadi Kirsanov: "No, friend, if you have decided to knock everything down, you must knock yourself down, too. The ground must be cleared." The first sentence of this quotation comes from chapter twenty-one of the novel, the second sentence from chapter ten. Similarly, on page 28, the words "Aristocracy, liberalism, progress, principles ..." are followed by the statement that "The younger Kirsanov cannot quite accept this", when the words are in fact addressed not to the younger Kirsanov but to his uncle. I do not expect "a continuous exposition of the novel" from Sir Isaiah's lecture, but I would like Turgenev's arrangement of the novel to be respected.

As for the "models for Bazarov" I am glad that Sir Isaiah now feels that "Turgenev's own words should outweigh Ostrovskaya's report". Turgenev's own words, whether in his reminiscences or in his letters, are the only factual source upon which reliability should be placed and nowhere does he suggest that during the three weeks which he spent in Ventnor in August, 1860, did he meet a Russian doctor upon whom he based the figure of Bazarov. My reference to "the state of present scholarship on the novel" concerned chiefly the omission from the list of "representative essays" given in note 47 on pages 36-37 of A. Batyuto's article "Parizhskaya rukopis' romana I. S. Turgeneva 'Ottsy i deti'" (*Russkaya literatura*, 1961, No 4; pages 57-78). Careful study of the evidence provided by this Paris manuscript sheds much light on the so-called "corrections" in the text of the novel for which Katkov is held responsible. In fact, the Paris manuscript of the novel reveals, according to Batyuto, that Katkov was most likely only responsible for two corrections and that several of Arkhipov's suppositions (which started off the controversy in the late 1950s) are without foundation.

Of "minor faults" I will mention only one obvious one: on page 19 *Sovremennik* appears as "*Contemporary*", on page 26 it appears as "*The Contemporary Review*" and on page 31 as "*The Contemporary*". I seek to base no innuendoes on these or the other matters which I have mentioned, save to repeat, as I said in my review, that they "could easily have been righted with a little care". Turgenev's novel and its history have been made to serve as the grounds of Sir Isaiah's argument, and in so far as he has not respected the details of the text of the novel or aspects of the scholarship surrounding it he has impaired the grounds of his argument.

Hugh MacDiarmid

Sir,—In the concluding sentence of his review of *Hugh MacDiarmid: A Critical Survey* (January 5), your reviewer writes: "Mr Crichton Smith's essay was first published as a pamphlet, and is now out of print; and its welcome appearance here perhaps compensates a little for the presence of other chapters which are so conspicuously available elsewhere." In the first paragraph of his review your reviewer includes the five essays from *Hugh MacDiarmid: a festschrift* as being among the essays "conspicuously available" elsewhere. In fact the *festschrift* is not only out of print but, [in my ex]perience, exceedingly diffi[cult to ob]tain in the second-hand [market,] "almost a rarity" as I [said in my] preface—and so perhaps I [may] claim credit for the "w[elcome ap]pearance" of the five essay[s from the] *festschrift*. Certainly [...] reasons why I edited the [book was] precisely because the *fest[schrift* was] difficult to obtain. One f[urther] point—the *festschrift* was [edited by] Sydney Goodsir Smith as w[ell as] K. D. Duval; Mr Duval w[as the] publisher.

DUNCAN G[LEN]

14 Parklands Ave[nue, Pen]wortham, Preston, Lanca[shire] 0QL.

Guilty Rime

Sir,—Your review of th[...] from the verse of Colerid[ge ...] self and Mr Pirie (Decemb[er ...]) evidently not malignant, b[ut ...] ask leave to make some co[rrections ...] such as an author always [...] merely factual ones.

The reviewer says that the [...] to *The Ancient Mariner*, if [...] from the text of the poem, [...] have been given in an appe[ndix ...] pages 242-3 they are given [...] with line-references, and o[...] after the first discussion of [...] reader is told where they [are] found.

He asserts that Mr Pirie [...] an editor should "pick out [...] that he thinks make the bes[t ...] I rejected this idea, as pl[...] knew how, on the second p[age of the] introduction:

> This is not to say that [...] should be free to print [...] thinks the *best* version; [...] a loyalty to the author, [...] to the person the author [...] he wrote the poem.

Hence the intention of the [...] ought to be considered befo[re ...] ing later changes, and I give [...] examples. Your reviewer [...] sider the distinction a false [...] to announce that I do no[t ...] any is only to tell the most [...] untruth within easy reach.

He says that I regard [...] as "boring from [...] Christianity so as to prove [...] Christian God is wicked [...] Coleridge pretended tha[t Chris]tianity forbade cruelty to [animals] or made his ignorant [...] assume it, whereas, actually [...] not; though many [...] nowadays think that it a[...] done. I said this plainly [...] in fact the style is presum[...] the reviewer calls my "B[...] eagerness" (meaning no d[...] the only decorous languag[e ...] Lit. Crit. is the sloven's [...] evasive jargon); so he [...] excuse for making me [...] thing entirely different, and [...]

I have also to protest ag[ainst the] review's total neglect of the [...] Mr Pirie, which was quite [...] variance with mine; he [...] haps, though I do not, [...] poem as "the work of a [...] sees the universe as devoid of [...] order". Maybe this was [...] drifting around in the [...] human brain of the review[er].

WILLIAM EM[PSON].

York University, Toronto.

❦ Our reviewer writes: [...] Apologies are due to [...] Empson on his first point [...] lapse. (2) I do indeed [...] distinction a false one, as the [...] ing of my review clearly [...] I did not "assert" that [...] and Professor Empson "say [...] tor should 'pick out the [...] [illegible]

[...] thinks make the best poem'", [...] that this is what these editors [...] up doing; "the person the [au]thor was when he wrote the [po]em" is, one would have thought, [un]ascertainable. (3) I think a dis[int]erested reader, as opposed to a [...] author, would agree on the "[...] from within" point, and [...] so that the Christian position on "cruelty to animals" is peripheral [to] the moral scheme of the poem. [Ne]ither Coleridge nor, surely, Pro[fes]sor Empson, would want to rest [a] case there. (4) When I referred [to] Professor Empson's "Boys' Own [ea]gerness" I was referring not to [his] "style" but to his eagerness, on [a] different point, which he does not [...] question here. So far as I am con[c]erned, Professor Empson always [wr]ites like an angel.

'Indian Art'

Sir,—I must apologize for troub[lin]g you at such length over a rela[tive]ly insignificant review; but it [con]tains an imputation which, be[cau]se of your journal's reputation, [has] been quite unjustifiably damag[ing] to me. I must ask that it be [wit]hdrawn. There is also a general [poi]nt involved.

Your reviewer of my Studio Vista [Pap]erback *Indian Art* (November [...]) asserts that haste induced cer[tai]n errors in what he takes to be [ind]ubitable fact, and cites in evi[den]ce four points: on all of them he [is] either wrong or insufficiently in[for]med. I do not write books in haste [and] it is an unworthy piece of [tho]ughtless barbarity that your [jou]rnal should toss this impression [to] your readers and my publishers, [wit]hout recognizing the existence of [oth]er views. It seems that the review [acc]epts a single (excellent) readily [av]ailable source for these four points, [Pr]ofessor B. Rowland's *Pelican His[tor]y of Indian Art*; but in this sub[jec]t there is room for more than one [op]inion. The reviewer may not have "[boo]ked" the book; but a real speci[ali]st should not have missed the more interesting and controversial issues of some substance which I deliberately included.

Your reviewer's four points are as follows:

(1) When I wrote "Mathurā drinking scenes of classical inspiration", that is what I meant, *not* "Gandhāra" scenes, as he tells me I did. Your reviewer's hasty grab for the cliché misses the whole point; the Mathurā scenes I take to be especially important in Indian art history, and I have discussed why elsewhere. If he looks at several publications he will find some reproduced. There is one at plate 49a in Professor Rowland's book. The classical inspiration is earlier than Gandhāra, from less familiar originals!

(2) In dating the Sihagiri paintings into the fifth century, not twenty years later in the sixth, I am expressing both a choice on evidence and a standard view. Professor Rowland's acceptance of the sixth has not the authority of Holy Writ. We do not even know—we guess—which king had them made. They are certainly close enough to Andhra sculpture of *c* 300 to warrant some care in shifting them too late. Recently a major, much published, masterpiece has been (rightly) shifted a full two centuries; it would surprise me very much if a genuine scholar cared to be dogmatic on a dating point like this. Nothing in my text hangs on those twenty years.

(3) "Sihagiri" is one of the several accepted spoken spellings of the name elsewhere spelled Sīgiriya. If your reviewer knew that both mean "lion-hill", he should have seen that my choice may be more Sanskritic, but is not wrong. It even has the merits of preserving more visibly the "lion" element (Siha, against Sī) and being easier for English tongues to say (see point 4).

(4) "Mogul", which your reviewer declares "will not do", is in fact the only valid spelling for the name of that dynasty given in the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*, which can also be spelled "Mughal" and "Moghul". He will find the problems of the transliteration of the word meaning (wrongly) "Mongol" discussed there. In view of our decision (noted by your reviewer) to omit diacriticals and make Indian names sayable in English, the "gh" in the middle of a word represents no related English sound, and does not correspond with common usage (e g, "film mogul").

One can easily foresee "replies" on all the above details—for example, accumulation of cases of opposite usages or opinions. Their very variety is part of my point. But the real issue lies in these points alone, and concerns the right of an anonymous reviewer to make conjecture as to how I wrote sound as if it were considered opinion upon a matter of "fact".

Your reviewer omitted to mention a major misprint on page 125. Akbar died in 1605, not 1695.

I am glad he appreciated the "zest" of the writing. But it seems to me that, in the publishing era now dawning on us, the whole issue of criticizing condensed (and in this case much rewritten) texts, in which substantial and interesting points may not be obvious to the hasty eye, needs much more thought than it is often given. We authors should all like to see genuine appraisals of what actually has been written, not slapdash grumbling at what hasn't but, in a reviewer's opinion of the conventions, ought to have been. It seems that there is a special editorial problem here.

P. S. RAWSON.

School of Oriental Studies, University of Durham.

❦ Our reviewer writes:—I don't agree with Mr Rawson about a new era which licenses scholars like himself, in an introductory and desperately condensed text, to contravert widely held views without giving supporting reasons or even warning the reader that diversity of opinion exists. "Interesting and controversial issues" thus introduced and dismissed with a word indeed raise the suspicion that the claims proper to the reader of an elementary manual are forgotten, perhaps through undue haste. If Rowland is not Holy Writ, Rawson enjoys no divine afflatus either; the former however as a rule mentions the choices in interpretation which are open to the art historian on crucial questions. No one would guess that Mr Rawson, on new and unrevealed argument, is quite deliberately adopting the highly controversial if not rejected view which sees Hellenistic inspiration behind the "bacchanalian" subjects of Mathurā sculpture, when nothing is said of like themes in Gandhāran repertoire where Western influence is manifest. By the same token the dating of Sīgiriya paintings is too important to be altered from the received view held by a bald and dogmatic word. Transliteration is tiresome, but it should not be reduced to eccentricity through introducing a "spoken spelling"—whatever that may be—when Sīgiriya is standard in art history and the Sanskrit version always available and utterly unintelligible. Orientalists cannot abide *Mogul*, yet I hate to be caught out by the *OED*. Is one to suppose that Mr Rawson's decision not to connect his narrative directly to the subjects of his illustrations also respects the new era? Too often in recent publications such mere collocation of pictures and text savours of haste, the author's or the publisher's.

Workers' Control

Sir,—The perceptive review of *The New Unionism* by Ken Coates and Tony Topham (December 1) is marred by its commentary on the authors' criticism of some of the ideas of Jack Jones, the General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union.

Mr Jones has made very many statements on workers' control, and the authors of *The New Unionism* frequently refer to the very positive role which he has played in helping forward the discussion on this matter. Indeed, Coates and Topham seem to be so content with the democratic commitments of Mr Jones that they advocate the wholesale development of general unionism along the lines which he has established. Their remarks about Mr Jones's views on participation should, surely, be considered in this light? They are written in a complete lack of hostility and they are presented in the context of enthusiastic support for the new style of trade union leadership which is evolving with the emergence of Mr Jones and Hugh Scanlon as the spokesmen for a new style of trade unionism.

One of the distinguishing marks of this new style leadership is that its ideas are presented tentatively when necessary, and that ordinary members of the trade union movement now feel that they can express disagreement without being accused of lèse-majesté. This could certainly not have happened during the rule of the late Arthur Deakin and is still not advisable in certain trade unions which have not kept up with the modernization established by Messrs Jones and Scanlon.

KEN FLEET.

The Institute for Workers' Control, Bertrand Russell House, Gamble Street, Forest Road West, Nottingham NG7 4ET.

❦ Our reviewer writes:—The most extensive reference to Jack Jones—nearly five pages—in *The New Unionism* consists of a criticism of his views on industrial participation. His views, the book argues, offer "somewhat limited remedies", fail "adequately to meet the counter-revolution which has been developing", provide a "very limited formula" and contain "a fundamental contradiction" (pages 198-202). The review criticized these criticisms. Mr Fleet's letter provides no answer, but claims that in other respects the authors support many of the ideas with which Mr Jones is identified. This is true but it is not the point at issue. Incidentally, the review of *The New Unionism* was a sympathetic one and, although it made two critical observations, it also said that the authors had put the discussion of workers' control on to a new level.

[T]he scent without the essence

[CON]STANCE BABINGTON SMITH: [...] Macaulay [...] pp. Collins. £3.25.

[Nea]rly fifteen years after her death, [...] Macaulay remains very much [...] to those who knew her. This [does] not, however, leave her easy to [write] about. There are lives which [are] made memorable by events, [oth]ers by flavour. And although Miss [Bab]ington Smith is right to claim [that] Rose Macaulay was "no ordi[nary] writer", it is not clear that she [has d]rawn the right deduction from [this f]act in deciding that Rose "rates [a bi]ography".

[Th]is rating is decided by the [...]ty of her talents. Rose "was [a] journalist, historian, antholo[gist], broadcaster, letter-writer, as [well a]s the author of many novels". [A]bove all, she was Rose Macau[lay, a]nd it is the essential Rose which [...]ates between the pages of a [book] which tells how she grew up, [fell] in love, worked, and died.

[Th]e events in her life were few. [The] second daughter in a family of [...], she sprang from a family in [which] clergymen abounded, and [...]rs likewise, notably the historian Thomas Babington Macaulay, [co]usin to her grandfather.

[For] reasons of health, the Macau[lays] moved from Rugby, where [her] father was an assistant master, [to Ita]ly. Between the ages of six [and] thirteen, she passed carefree [year]s on the Ligurian coast, briefly [expo]sed to a convent education. Ox[ford] followed, first the High School [for] Girls, then Somerville. The [fami]ly life of the Macaulays was ex[ceptio]nally close, though Rose did [not g]et on well with her mother at [close] quarters. When she began to [write] the venture seems partly to [have b]een an escape, first into verse, [then] into fiction. Her first novel [achie]ved some success, but it was not [until] after the First World War, [when] she was nearing forty, that she [full]y established her independence, [part]ly through falling in love with [a ma]rried man, Gerald O'Donovan, [who] remained, until he died, the [emot]ional centre of her life.

[Tho]se who knew Rose in 1920 knew [her a]s a rather tomboyish, argumentative, apparently ingrained spinster. She did not easily share her intimate feelings, unless with a close friend such as Naomi Royde-Smith. She looked and behaved like the daughter of a donnish family, with natural distaste for the fashionable and the showy. Kind and impulsive, she could also be quarrelsome; her intellect told her to nourish an inborn scepticism; yet her deepest instinct was to believe; in causes, people, and above all, despite constant questionings, God. When it came to reconciling a theistic conscience with the plain fact of loving and being loved by a man, she chose the man. But that choice always left an open option. The Hound of Heaven was never to leave her entirely at peace.

Not that she was in the least sentimental in her dealings either with this world or the next. She prided herself on her no-nonsenseship, she cultivated what might appear superficially a naive simplicity of approach to difficult questions, but in reality it stemmed from an impatience with inessentials. Where facts could be ascertained she ascertained them. She did not care to be bothered by hairsplit details unless they could be a momentary amusement in the game of living.

As time passed, she made a unique position for herself. Her last novel, *The Towers of Trebizond*, published when she was seventy-five, was her best and most acclaimed. She had survived much tribulation: the death from cancer of her lover, the destruction by a German firebomb of her home and its contents, the obliteration of the liberal society in which she had grown up—for it was only through her toughness of mind that she avoided the fate of her friend E. M. Forster: that of finding no exit in art from a vanished world. She was busy, ubiquitous, loved by her friends. She travelled—her idiosyncratic manner of driving a car became famous—she wrote, extracting distinction even from a piece of book-making like *The Pleasure of Ruins*. A return to the Church, in the form of a High Anglicanism more amused than spiky, gave her a still centre, though she spoke of it no more openly than she had of physical love in earlier days. And at last, neatly, open-eyed, she died: an elderly lady of paper thinness, rare distinction of mind, and yet with a tiger's pounce, if pounce were needed, under the apparent ethereality of a late Victorian celibate, to be found most mornings early on her knees in the Grosvenor Chapel.

Miss Babington Smith takes us through the events of this lifetime lucidly and honestly; yet Rose has escaped her, as she would have escaped any biographer. A series of brief sketches, reprinted from *Encounter*, by such friends as William Plomer, Anthony Powell and Rosamond Lehmann, come closer. Perhaps Rose's inmost nature, alternately fugacious and didactic, needed to be refracted through differing pairs of eyes, each taking something but none attempting a final assessment.

For how do you assess finally someone who could be maddening as well as wise, evasive as well as loving, a tantalizing blend of crank, enchantress—not that she ever thought of herself as such—tease and poet?

Her gift for self-criticism made it hard for her to be consistent. She possessed a natural taste for the first-rate and she was far too modest to claim such rank for herself in any of her undertakings. For instance, she held small brief for her own novels, and posterity may well agree with her. Thus she remained someone of many facets, each bright and some dazzling; but she never achieved a constant illumination.

Rose enjoyed her own jokes, and some of them were excellent. Even her most ambitious work usually reposed on a joke, and Miss Babington Smith notes perceptively her "talent for combining a serious message with light satire", as exemplified in *The Towers of Trebizond*. The novel leads off with a joke in the opening sentence: "'Take my camel, dear', said my Aunt Dot, as she climbed down from this animal on her return from High Mass."

She was adept at such opening shots, playing with the theological gunpowder of the 1920s: "One evening, shortly before Christmas, in the days when our forefathers, being young, possessed the earth—in brief, in the year 1879—Mrs Garden came briskly into the drawing-room from Mr Garden's study and said in her crisp, even voice to her six children, 'Well, my dears, I have to tell you something. Poor papa has lost his faith again'." Or, "A Mr Dobie, a clergyman, wearying of his job, relinquished it, ostensibly on the grounds that he did not care to bury dissenters or to baptize illegitimate infants, but in reality. . . ."

Such openings were attractive at the time, but they contain a pretext for leaving *Told by an Idiot* and *Crewe Train* unread today. Even *Orphan Island*, perhaps the most amusing of all her books, has become a period piece. Rose did not aspire to immortality as a novelist: she wrote out of the spirit of the day; and that day has passed. On the other hand, as an essayist, she wrote much as she spoke, and her occasional pieces are still full of life because they recall their maker so naturally.

So that finally those who knew Rose in life are left with the savour of a personality rather than with a one-time member of the literary establishment. They will enjoy Miss Babington Smith's book, as they must enjoy anything which keeps a vivid memory alive. They will learn from it, too, for there was much about Rose which most of her friends never knew. But they will feel about it much as one feels on unstoppering a jar of dried rose-petals. The scent is still there, the jar imprisons it handsomely. But the essential rose has escaped.

Solzhenitsyn

Giovanni Grazzini
Translated by Eric Mosbacher

An outstanding written work, compact and direct, with a quite remarkable quantity of documentation from speeches, books, resolutions, minutes and articles published clandestinely and in exile. In this book Giovanni Grazzini has used Solzhenitsyn to illustrate the history of Russian literary intelligentsia since 1917, with special emphasis on the period since 1946.

£3.50

Michael Joseph

Progressive paradigms—

DAVID L. CLARKE (Editor):
Models in Archaeology
1,055pp. Methuen. £16.

Evolutionary theory and nineteenth-century geological fieldwork provided early archaeologists with models for postulating successive ages of chipped stone, polished stone, ceramic, copper, bronze, and finally iron technologies. Cradles of civilization were superimposed to explain development of towns and agriculture in the Near East, Latin America, and perhaps the Far East. Backed by British, French, German and American money and colonial influence, the golden age of archaeology earlier this century revealed buried cities and palaces, excavation of which marked the summit of an archaeologist's professional achievement. Layers were interpreted chronologically, like pages of history books, and typological homogeneity was interpreted as cultural continuity. Interruptions of continuity at particular layers might be attributed to conquest and imposition of alien culture. Ethnology vaguely justified archaeologists in their definition of circumscribed spatio-temporal ancient cultures. Scientists might be admitted to perform specific investigations, but scientific methodology was subordinated to archaeological aims, which were dominated by the models of the time. Gradually archaeology, especially in Britain, became divorced from advances in sedimentary geology, human geography, ecology, statistical typology, social and physical anthropology and ethnography.

Following the lines of his *Analytical Archaeology* (1968), David Clarke opens this collection of essays by listing four "paradigms" which are helping to mould an interdisciplinary New Archaeology: a morphological paradigm, through which statistics aid interpretation of functional relationships of archaeological finds; an anthropological paradigm, through which patterning of archaeological data may suggest possible social organizations and reference to primitive societies may suggest alternative interpretations of archaeological artefacts; an ecological paradigm, through which ancient sites may be related to their palaeo-environments; and a geographical paradigm, through which interrelations of sites with the natural environment may be postulated. In a later essay on a provisional model for an Iron Age society, Dr Clarke ably manipulates his paradigms in developing a plausible model for the functioning of a prehistoric lake village as Glastonbury, excavated at the turn of the century.

There are twenty-six essays altogether, roughly arranged by emphasis on one or other of the paradigms as listed above. Some of the essays on methodology and typology have their longueurs, referring to a current transatlantic preoccupation with what is surely a non-problem—the relative roles of inductive versus hypothetico-deductive inference in archaeology. Possibly it is well that the issue is made explicit, but an editorial blue pencil might have been wielded firmly. The difficult matter of observer-bias in the collection of stone tools is handled succinctly, and ethnographic studies on stone tool makers from Papua should caution prehistorians against inferring too much from statistical analyses of their finds. Nevertheless, L. R. Binford's essay on a multivariate statistical approach to Old Stone Age artefacts provides an attractive model for explaining assemblage variability in functional rather than evolutionary terms. A cautionary note is struck by G. L. L. Isaac, who also suggests that random drift and limitations of the basic materials from which tools are fashioned may determine assemblage composition.

The theme of statistical models is taken up by three essays on computer methods in archaeology. Since the taxonomic paradigm has been covered in other recent symposia, these might have been shortened or omitted. The ecological paradigm is well represented, especially the Cambridge school's useful concept of site exploitation territories considered in terms of palaeoenvironment as helping archaeological interpretation of sites. So, too, is the paradigm drawn from locational analysis and the New Geography, with essays on functional interrelation of areas at the Mayan site of Lubaantún, and of the spread of Romano-British, Saxon and medieval settlements in Britain.

The only recognition of the New Physical Anthropology (now not so new, anyway) is W. Shawcross's essay on a thermodynamic or bio-ergonomic paradigm as an aid to interpreting excavation of occupation debris. It is a pity that other examples drawn from population genetics, palaeopathology and traditional skeletal studies were not represented as integrated elements in archaeological interpretation by other essays. The concept of the Multiplier Model and economic paradigms might also have been developed, with particular reference to trade and investigations by natural and physical scientists into origin and movement of basic materials. The book reflects Dr Clarke's own preferences for just four paradigms. More paradigms, more and briefer essays, and less overlap with other current symposia might have been preferable in order to present a really comprehensive picture of the New Archaeology.

Fanged forms

GERARDO REICHEL-DOLMATOFF:
San Agustín
A Culture of Colombia.
163pp. Thames and Hudson. £4.50.

San Agustín, in a comparatively remote part of the highlands of southern Colombia, is famous for its stone carvings, most of them free-standing statues. It has been known since the middle of the eighteenth century, and has been visited by many travellers and a few archaeologists. Their work has extended our knowledge of the carvings and brought many examples to light, including the remarkable curved river-bed at Lavapatas, and they have also excavated burials of various types. The carvings have provoked endless speculation about relationships with other areas, within South America and beyond, but their only common characteristic seems to be that their inhabitants made stone statues.

A result of all the previous work has been an impression that San Agustín was "a large ceremonial centre, a huge necropolis hidden in the mountains, a place of nothing but tombs and funerary monuments", though it is only fair to say that part of the disproportionate interest shown in statues and burials is due to the area having been largely covered by forest until opened up for cultivation and stock-raising less than 40 years ago. Gerardo Reichel-Dolmatoff points out that we now need to know more about the chronology, the settlement patterns and the economy of its ancient inhabitants, and many have long believed that the best prospect of progress in these matters would be for him to interest himself in the area. This book shows that he has made a good beginning.

It begins with an account of the topography and climate, in which it is shown that this was an excellent agricultural area in a temperate basin at a height of about 1,800 metres, within easy reach of both cold highlands and tropical lowlands. After a brief rehearsal of previous work comes an account of prehistoric settlement, mentioning the chief sites and showing that there are many signs of artificial modification of the landscape. The real pattern of the area is shown to have been one of small ceremonial centres scattered among the fields and dwellings. After this is a chapter called "Tombs and Barrows", in which burials in stone cists made of slabs, shallow pits, deep shafts with lateral chambers, and stone sarcophagi are described, and it is stated that variations are due more to time than to social differences. There are stone chambers containing statues, which are enclosed in barrow-like mounds, but they have been excavated by treasure-hunters not [illegible] gists and it is not clear [illegible] contained burials.

In the following chap[ter] [illegible] Sculptor's Art", an atte[mpt] [illegible] to divide the statues in[to] [illegible] but the author realizes [illegible] much overlap between [illegible] through no fault of his [illegible] evidence for dating them [illegible] ing them in chronolog[ical] [illegible] The form of some of the [illegible] viously much affected [illegible] dency of some types [illegible] weather or split into sla[bs] [illegible] into round or square col[umns] [illegible] are no fewer than four [illegible] references to plates in the [illegible] which looks like bad [illegible] tions between London a[nd] [illegible] Next comes a fascinating [illegible] the "World and the [illegible] ster", in which there are [illegible] to other American cult[ures] [illegible] ally the Olmec of Mex[ico] [illegible] main part is a revie[w] [illegible] graphical and historical [illegible] in which an important [illegible] by associations of [illegible] jaguars and by hallucino[gens] [illegible] They give suggestive and [illegible] clues to the interpretat[ion] [illegible] statues, many of which [illegible] form with feline fangs.

The book ends with [illegible] valuable chapters deal[ing] [illegible] author's archaeological w[ork] [illegible] area, and relating it to [illegible] prehistory as a whole. [illegible] tions have demonstrated [illegible] from about AD 1 to 500, [illegible] a gap, and then a furth[er] [illegible] about the time of the Spa[nish] [illegible] quest. Unfortunately the [illegible] statues in recent times [illegible] treasure-hunting have m[ade] [illegible] ing of the stonework [illegible] possible, although the fir[st] [illegible] AD is at least a plausible [illegible] some of the statues. Some [illegible] containing stone chambers [illegible] to be later than AD 425 [illegible] quoted radiocarbon date [illegible] 500 BC belongs to a wo[od] [illegible] found in a tomb whose [illegible] are not recorded, and [illegible] useless.

This is a valuable and [illegible] book, beautifully illust[rated] [illegible] photographs showing the [illegible] the San Agustín carving[s] [illegible] the country and example[s] [illegible] cavated pottery. An in[illegible] ture is that many pages [illegible] those partly or wholly [illegible] illustrations, are not num[bered] [illegible] in one case this affects [illegible] pages. The book is one [illegible] in a new series, and it pr[illegible] for it. The general title [illegible] they are not primarily [illegible] archaeological textbooks [illegible] the authors will need to [illegible] ent archaeologists. The ch[illegible] jects is bound to be lim[ited] [illegible] artistic plums among the [illegible] American civilizations [illegible] should give quite a wide [illegible]

The invasion of Iran

SYLVIA A. MATHESON:
Persia: An Archaeological Guide
330pp. Faber and Faber. £6.50 (paperback, £2.50).

Persia today is an unprecedented hive of archaeological activity. More than twenty large sites are currently being excavated, from the Urartian citadels of Azerbaijan in the north-west to a prehistoric burnt city in Seistan in the extreme south-east. They include mounds indicating consistent occupation for at least 5,000 years like Yahya Tepe, Elamite settlements (Haft Tepe and Maliyun), Median palaces and temples (Godin Tepe, Nush-i-Jan), a palace of Cyrus near Boruzjan, a Seleucid (Greek) temple at Kangavar, Parthian palaces at Shahr-i-Kumis and Sar-i-Masjid, a Sassanian religious centre (Takht-i-Suleiman) and an early Islamic port (Siraf), not to mention that hardy perennial Susa, where the French have been working since 1884.

Those undertaking or financing excavations include the Archaeological Service of Iran, the French and Italian Archaeological Missions, the British Institute of Persian Studies, the American Institute of Iranian Studies, two German archaeological institutes, the Universities of London, Harvard, Manchester, Pennsylvania, Toronto, Montreal, Paris, and Lyon, the Metropolitan Museum and the Royal Ontario Museum. And this is only a start. In her very first sentence Sylvia Matheson tells us that there are said to be something like 250,000 archaeological sites in Iran. The largest of them, Ecbatana, the ancient capital of the Medes and summer capital of the Achaemenians, is at present buried under Hamadan, a town of considerably more than 100,000 inhabitants. The buried treasures of Iran are one aspect of the excitement which stimulates the archaeologically minded visitor.

It is for such people that *Persia: An Archaeological Guide* appears to be designed. The reader is led most competently through the archaeological maze stretching from 6000 BC to the thirteenth century AD. As a comprehensive account of early monuments and of archaeological finds up to 1970 the book has no rival in any language. Each building or site is described in detail and great trouble has been taken to ensure historical and topographical accuracy. The fullest use has been made of the resources of the various archaeological institutes in Teheran, who have provided a wealth of admirable maps, plans and sketches.

The author has personally visited most of the sites she describes—no mean feat in itself—and has photographed many of them; her account of them is interspersed with travel information and precise locational directives. Although many sites are remote and difficult of access, the author considerately provides for those who will not have their own means of transport; and the consequences are occasionally daunting. Her alluring description of Siraf on the Persian Gulf, for instance, is preceded by the information that it is 220 kilometres south of Bushire, that it is a little difficult to reach during the spring and after heavy rains, that a daily bus from Bushire at about 8 am arrives between 3 and 4 pm when the river is not in flood, and that there is no public accommodation available in the neighbourhood.

The book will be appreciated most by those whose interests lie in archaeology rather than in the flowering of Islamic art, which to some is Persia's greatest glory. We are told that for reasons of space the guide does not attempt to cover anything after the Mongol invasion of 1220. If there had to be a break, the logical place for it would have been the Islamic invasion 500 years earlier. To deal with the budding of Persian Islamic forms and not with their flowering seems a little odd. To have set the author the task of describing, for instance, the Friday Mosque at Isfahan or the monuments of Kerman, while turning a blind eye to anything later than Seljuk, was unreasonable and unkind. If a second volume is written it is to be hoped that it will repeat the Seljuk references in the first and cover the Islamic period as a whole.

The *Guide* is well produced and has many excellent pictures. There is an admirable glossary, the genealogical tables are helpful, the drawings of Sassanian crowns provide an agreeable check-list for devotees of [illegible]

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(Registered under the National Assistance Act, 1948)
Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

The submariners

GEORGE F. BASS (Editor):
A History of Seafaring based on Underwater Archaeology
320pp including 506 illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £6.

Underwater archaeology has now come of age, and we have a right to expect that an excavation under the sea should be conducted with as much discipline and precision as the terrestrial variety. Of course treasure-hunting, both legal and illegal, will continue to exist in both elements; but the existence of this book is evidence that [illegible]

George Bass has gathered a team of experts, each of whom takes a [illegible]

[illegible] down off the South Turkish coast in the Late Bronze Age, [illegible] cargo of raw copper and scrap-bronze. [illegible]

Arthur Hugh Clough: Victorian poetry and the suspense of judgment

From a drawing by J. H. Bonham-Carter.

Clough: The Critical Heritage
Edited by Michael Thorpe
411pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.

ROBINDRA KUMAR BISWAS:
Arthur Hugh Clough
Towards a Reconsideration
489pp. Oxford University Press. £7.

[The] APPEARANCE of Clough in the "Critical Heritage" series is [int]eresting, not only as a measure [of] recognition but because this [sel]ection enables us to study what [illegible] have thought about his work [fro]m the publication of *The* [*Bothie*] and *Ambarvalia* in 1848-49 [to] the centenary essay by A. S. Mc[illegible] in the *TLS* in the spring of [illegible]. This chance is especially wel[come] because critical articles on [Cloug]h have been scattered among [m]any nineteenth-century jour[nals a]nd reviews and, until Messrs [illegible], Timko and Gollin pub[lished] their descriptive catalogue in [illegible], they have been very hard to [track] down, particularly since many [were a]nonymous. The present assem[blage is] impressive, in bulk if by no [means] always in quality.

[Nine]teenth-century poetry, says [Dr] Leavis, was characteristically [occ]upied with the creation of a [dream] world. A part of Clough [longe]d to find peace in that kind of [world], but he knew that such a peace [was es]sentially escapist (the theme [of the] beautiful and poignant lyric "[L]et me love my love unto my[s]elf alone"), and in his poetry he [faces, ev]en if he does not solve, the prob[lems] of living in the mid-nineteenth [centu]ry. It is of course true that [Tenn]yson also raises contemporary [issues], but wrapped in his mellifluous [illegible] and drugging rhythms they [scarcely] appear as real. Clough's verse [is fre]quently stark; as several critics [have] pointed out, he rhymed with [diffic]ulty. His metrical experiments [were] often felt to be reckless and [even] perverse. Moreover, he was [outsp]oken about social evils and about difficulties of religious [faith] and about sex to a degree that [was un]acceptable to most mid-[Victorian] critics. This was not [the poet]ry of escape. Also Clough [used sat]ire and irony with a subtlety [unmatc]hed since Pope. His closest [friend], Matthew Arnold, voiced con[tempor]ary feeling about this when [he sai]d that though Dryden and Pope [may i]n a certain sense be masters of [the ar]t of versification, they are not [classic]s of our poetry but classics of [our p]rose. Arnold, too, wrote and [illegible] the poetry of escape. As an [Inspec]tor of Schools and a mature [man m]oving in the world of affairs [he c]ould realize and fear that the [English] with their hybrid system of [educati]on and their innate tradition[alism w]ould fall dangerously behind [their G]erman competitors in techno[logical] achievement, but as a poet [he fle]d the modern world—"this [strange disease of modern life]"—Of doubts, disputes, dis[tractions], fears"—and as a young [man h]is first reaction to Clough's [Bothie] was explosive:

[I h]ave been at Oxford the last two [days] and hearing Sellar and the rest of that clique who know neither life nor themselves rave about your poem gave me a strong almost bitter feeling with respect to them, the age, the poem, even you. Yes I said to myself something tells me I can, if need be, at last dispense with them all, even with him: better that, than be sucked for an hour even into the Time Stream in which they and he plunge and bellow. I became calm in spirit, but uncompromising, almost stern. More English than European, I said finally, more American than English: and took up my Obermann, and refuged myself with him in his forest against your *Zeit Geist*.

In short, Clough did not use the poetic material and the poetic modes normally favoured by nineteenth-century critics and readers. Moreover, they were hampered by bit-by-bit publication, with gaps of years between the release of batches of poems to the public. With the exception of *Amours de Voyage*, his second great hexameter poem published anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1858, there was nothing between *The Bothie* and *Ambarvalia*; then after his death his widow published a collection in 1862 based largely on poems which he had revised for an American edition held up by the Civil War. Blanche Clough was almost hysterically concerned lest her husband's reputation should be blemished by the inclusion of his more outspoken poems, such as *Easter Day*, probably the finest poem he ever wrote. It seems, however, that he had intended to omit this himself, along with *Dipsychus* (apart from a few extracts which could easily stand alone), the unfinished *Mystery of the Fall*, *The Shadow* and *Sa Majesté très Chrétienne*. All were duly omitted, though there was a good deal of private argument about *Easter Day*: Froude, Dean Stanley and Tennyson were against publication, Jowett dubious, and Palgrave in favour. It is a pity that Michael Thorpe does not mention the exchange of views between this eminent quintet in his interesting introduction, since it highlights the inhibitions which so often crippled Victorian criticism. Blanche Clough also begged for the omission of *Natura Naturans*, that charming description of the sudden spontaneous welling-up of physical attraction between a young man and girl sitting by chance together in a railway carriage, a poem already published in *Ambarvalia*, and dismissed by the anonymous reviewer in the *Literary Gazette* as trash, and by the *Rambler* reviewer as indelicate, to say the least.

Though Clough had a surprising number of notices of *Ambarvalia*, (*The Guardian* review has considerable intrinsic interest even today), more serious criticism in 1848-9 tended to concentrate on *The Bothie*, and when *Amours de Voyage* became available in 1862 critics had two long hexameter poems to work on, very different in mood and, if examined closely, different also in technique. It is interesting to find that these two poems received more rigorous and penetrating criticism than the rest of Clough's work. Reviewers knew what they were about in dealing with hexameters, and were interested in Clough's experiment, a direct result of the classical education in which they were steeped. His talent for getting the essence of his characters in a few vivid lines of description is noticed and praised and his technical methods are explored quite deeply: the Homeric use of epithets, the enriching effect of sudden repetitions of a line or half line, the debilitating effect of too many of the small joining words so common in English, and in *The Bothie* the fresh evocative sketches of highland scenery. In *Amours de Voyage* the contrast between the hesitating hero and his private affairs is seen against the background of great events. But the choice of theme did not invariably please; the apparent futility of the hero was upsetting to Victorian self-confidence, and even Emerson was sufficiently obtuse to lament the indeterminate ending. The most interesting of these reviews are by Kingsley in 1849, W. M. Rossetti in 1850 and W. Y. Sellar and Walter Bagehot in 1862.

However, by 1862 the myth of promise unfulfilled was already being built up by Clough's friends. G. H. Lewes, reviewing the 1862 edition in the *Cornhill*, spoke of

> the intense conviction produced in friends of some supreme excellence which Clough *might* have achieved, *ought* to have achieved, but somehow *did not*. In a word he was one of the prospectuses which never become works.

Bagehot, despite the insight and grasp of his essay, contributed not a little to this conclusion. Reviewers used far too much of their space mulling over Clough's life and character. This 1862 edition contained the *Mari Magno* poems, and it is significant that these verse stories met with warm praise. Written at the very end of his life, boring in manner and in content, they were an abdication of all his daring and distinctive opinions, a concession to Victorian sentiment and moral attitudes.

Certainly, this edition, with its crucial omissions, gave no fair measure of Clough's powers, and by 1869, when a complete edition of the poems was at last published, the myth of failure was firmly established. Nevertheless, the critics now had the full range of his poems up for judgment with one or two omissions (since published in the Oxford edition of 1951). The omission of some passages from *Dipsychus* was the last concession made to Blanche and Victorian propriety. This edition was heralded with an outstanding essay by John Addington Symonds in the *Fortnightly Review*. One wishes that it were possible to quote the three concluding pages of this essay; they not only reveal the quality of Clough's thought and his poetry—and the word *reveal* is emphasized—but also show the advance in critical range, sensibility and technical criteria in a decade, brought about to a large extent by loosening conventions in regard to discussion of religious and moral problems. As Symonds said in a letter to Blanche Clough, "There are several at Oxford and Cambridge" of his generation "who look on Mr Clough's poems as the expression of their deepest convictions and seek in him a mirror of themselves, deriving strength and support from his example".

These points were put in more depth by Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge in a review in the *Westminster*, a masterly piece of some 10,000 words which must rank as a great critical essay by any standards. Sidgwick says:

> He was in a very literal sense before his age. His point of view and habit of mind are less singular in England in the year 1869 than they were in 1859 and much less than they were in 1849. We are growing year by year more introspective and self-conscious . . . we are growing at the same time more unreserved and unveiled in our expression. . . . We are growing also more sceptical in the proper sense of the word: we suspend our judgment much more than our predecessors . . . we see that there are many sides to many questions . . . we are losing in faith and confidence: if we are not failing in hope, our hopes at least are becoming more indefinite; and we are gaining in impartiality and comprehensiveness of sympathy. In each of these respects, Clough, if

DANIEL BERRIGAN
AMERICA IS HARD TO FIND
Writings from the Underground and Prison by the radical priest-poet and war-resister.
SPCK £2.50

he were still alive, would find himself gradually more and more at home in the changing world.

Sidgwick then goes on to say that Clough's peculiar style needs time to make its effect, but a sympathetic reader will soon find that the very peculiarity adds its own charm. Sidgwick concludes his analysis by saying that "the chief excellence of Clough's style lies in a very delicate and precise adaptation of form to matter, attained with felicitous freshness and singular simplicity of manner". Later in the essay he makes other important suggestions for a judgment of Clough:

> What poetry has to communicate is not ideas but moods and feelings: and if a feeling reaches sufficient intensity, whatever be its specific quality, it is adapted for a poetical form, though highly intellectual moods are harder to mould to the conditions of metrical expression than others. . . . If . . . a poem is really unpoetical, it is not because it contains too much thought but too little feeling to steep and penetrate the thought. Tried by this test, a good deal of Browning's thought laden verse, and some of Tennyson's, will appear not truly poetical; the feeling is not adequate. Although Clough sometimes fails in this way, it may generally be said with him the greater contention of thought, the more intense is the feeling transfused through it. He becomes unpoetical chiefly when he becomes less eagerly intellectual. . . . He is then, preeminently a philosophic poet, communicator of moods that depend on profound and complex trains of reflection, abstract and highly refined speculations, subtle intellectual perceptions. . . . He is to a great extent a poet for thinkers; but he moves them not as a thinker, but as a poet.

This is critical insight of a high order and Sidgwick follows it a couple of pages later with an analysis of Clough's irony, in its subtlety frequently fading to a mere shade and yet maintaining its all-pervading presence. When directed to vulgar, shallow, unworthy states of mind, this irony assumes a peculiar tone. Clough's contempt is deep but not bitter; "indeed so far from bitter that a dull pious ear may misperceive in it an unpleasing levity". His method is to treat such attitudes with bald simplicity so that the mind recoils from them. The example Sidgwick chooses is from *The Shadow*, first published in 1869, most of which is an ironic comment on worldly religion. Sidgwick points out the felicitous audacity with which Clough sometimes manages metre in order to get across his effect:

Nothing could more sharply give the shallowness of the mood in contrast with the solemnity of the subject than the careless glibness of the lines

> It was a comfortable thing to think
> upon
> The atonement and the resurrection of the dead.

Sidgwick could have added how frequently Clough uses this method, sometimes by the device of feminine rhymes, in *Dipsychus*, a poem in which he finds serious defects but of which he says:

> Perhaps no other poem of Clough's has so decidedly this one "note" of genius, that its utterances are at once individual and universal, revealing the author to the reader, and at the same time the reader to himself.

Hexameters instead of prose

Sidgwick's is the finest appraisal of Clough in the sixty-one collected here. But there is one more, published in 1897, which cannot be overlooked. This is by J. M. Robertson, and his highly original thesis is that *The Bothie* and *Amours de Voyage* show Clough to be a great and original artist in fiction. As mentioned above, several of the earlier critics acclaimed Clough's power of character-drawing. Robertson claims further that Clough went beyond any contemporary novelist in studying an intellectual character in depth, and that his purpose in both his hexameter poems was to write serious fiction. Robertson suggests that he chose English hexameters as his vehicle partly because he was not a spontaneous and flexible prose-writer and partly because he was steeped in Greek verse and found that by transferring the metre to English he could write elastically and spontaneously, the manner being itself a stimulus. In short, he used hexameters because there was a particular artistic effect which he was able to get from them and which served the purpose of his fiction. But he did not regard this artistic effect as the same as that at which he aimed in his finer rhymed poetry.

It is a pity that Mr Thorpe did not print John Conington's recollection of a fascinating discussion which he had with Clough on these hexameters which is published in *Poems and Prose Remains*. One misses, too, Tom Arnold's recollections of Clough published in the *Nineteenth Century* in 1897 which, though mainly biographical, have some interesting aperçus on his work, and also the article by Dean Church in the *Christian Remembrancer* in 1863 which deals at some length with the background of *Amours de Voyage* and also most perceptively, with some aspects of *The Bothie*.

After reading these nineteenth-century critics, there is a special interest in turning to a critical study by a contemporary of our own, particularly since Robindra Kumar Biswas is well versed in their views and has clearly pondered deeply on the problem of Clough's poetry, not only in essential relation to his life but also in relation to the prevailing theories of poetry of his time. Compared with the earlier critics he has had the immense advantage of sources which were unavailable to them; the definitive Oxford edition of the *Poems*, published in 1951, collated with unpublished manuscript readings; the two volumes of correspondence, published in 1957; the letters of Matthew Arnold to Clough, published in 1932; and more recent studies benefiting from newly available material to which he refers, in particular Walter A. Houghton's *The Poetry of Clough* and Katharine Chorley's *Arthur Hugh Clough: The Uncommitted Mind*. Mr Biswas has himself ransacked the manuscript material, which includes fragments of poems, many variant readings and suppressed passages, essays and miscellaneous notebooks, including Clough's Oxford Journals in the care of Professor Mulhauser and not previously available. It is unlikely that further significant manuscript material is still extant and unknown. One would give much for Clough's side in the correspondence with Matthew Arnold, but there is no indication that it has survived.

The treatment of three themes provides the main interest of *Arthur Hugh Clough*. First, there is the perennial problem of Clough's "failure". A move away from previous viewpoints suggests a new and persuasive explanation. The failure has nothing to do with Clough's inability to make his way in the world of affairs. It is the failure of his will to "stand for his own things" against the increasing pressures of conventional life in mid-Victorian society, culminating in his engagement and marriage to Blanche Smith. She was strong-willed and intelligent, but a typical upper-middle-class Victorian young lady in her prescribed feelings and moral attitudes (of which we have seen an example in her panic over *Natura Naturans*). All she wanted was that he should return, as she put it, to commonplace views as having some truth in them—a return which, looking back after his death she thought he had made. The result was disastrous for his poetry. He wrote no more during the years of his marriage until the last when he was on sick leave and produced the *Mari Magno* stories.

Regarding sex, Mr Biswas notes that Sidgwick, discussing *Natura Naturans* with Blanche, thought that, even by 1870, people were readier to accept Clough's daring expression of religious questioning than his frank writing about sex. Certainly, Clough was not one of the "Other Victorians" described by Steven Marcus, and his open preoccupation with sexual problems was, to say the least, unusual. It was partly philosophical and partly personal. He had to think the problems through on the evidence of observation and, as with other problems, his thought finds expression in his poetry, charging it with particular vitality. He ranges from the romantic, beautifully rendered sexual tenderness of the love passages in *The Bothie* to the almost phallic exultation of:

> Speak, outraged maiden, in thy wrong
> Did terror bring no secret bliss?
> Were boys' shy lips worth half a
> song
> Compared to the hot soldier's kiss?

This from *Dipsychus* is in almost immediate contrast with his savagely ironic sketch of the Venetian prostitute servicing her clients quoted by Mr Biswas from a discarded passage. Mr Biswas also quotes entire a poem which appeared in the proofs of *Ambarvalia* but was then suppressed. The poet meets a beggar girl on his road whose sex appeal is an invitation. He kisses her because he knows he can. The poem, bare in execution but not without charm, is at once a criticism of Victorian sex mores—the gulf between girls a young man may kiss without ado and those, fenced off, belonging to his own and similar circles—and a reflective query about his own sexuality.

How to recognize sexuality

Mr Biswas has also pieced together the jigsaw of unpublished passages in *Sa Majesté très Chrétienne* where the sexual allusions have bitter and complex implications and disconcerting insight. He describes them as supremely ironical, but this judgment masks half their significance. The irony hides Clough's anxious question of how to reconcile his own and others' passions with the high ideals of his home and Rugby. Should he stand by the historic Christian view that "the flesh" is polluted and evil, or should he frankly accept sexuality with its bewildering oscillations between lust and love? Are we to regard the melodramatic sentimentality of *Dipsychus Continued* and *Mari Magno* as his final answer, part of his capitulation to the commonplace views? Mr Biswas sums up the problem:

> His mature life is a continual attempt to answer the question: "What kind of recognition are we to give to the phenomenon of sexuality?" And it is [illegible] remember that for Clough the problem was not an abstract, philosophical and academic [illegible] scattered — sometimes [illegible] sometimes bitter and [illegible] pieces of scatology in [illegible] writings point, among [illegible] to the effects of a prob[illegible] bacy. As a human [illegible] directly and painfully [illegible] this question and his [illegible] either explicit or [illegible] determine his relation[illegible] age at various stages [illegible] For any answer to such [illegible] implies not only a [illegible] "sin" but a definit[illegible] a structure of values [illegible] conforms or does not [illegible] vailing, officially endorsed [illegible] tions and values upon [illegible] larger society. Neces[illegible] that answer has [illegible] real if indirect bearing [illegible] for it can determine [illegible] experience are to be [illegible] and what concerns [illegible] are to be admitted. [illegible] question of realism is at [illegible]

This brings us to the [illegible] question of Clough's poetic [illegible] by Mr Biswas in a most [illegible] discussion, partly as a [illegible] partly in his analysis of [illegible] The nineteenth-century [illegible] a dream world of beautiful [illegible] feelings expressed in a p[illegible] tic manner which stressed [illegible] and verbal music—"lo[illegible] rift with Keatsian ore", [illegible] was puts it—was not only [illegible] inimical to Clough, who [illegible] was mainly with Dryden [illegible] poets of the Enlightenment [illegible] was useless as a vehicle [illegible] subject-matter. He needed [illegible] ency and also flexibility [illegible] that could take his irony [illegible] ling, if deliberate, reckless [illegible] profound questioning, his [illegible] gravity and his character. He fashioned the instrument needed in his hexameters [illegible] varying rhythms and metre [illegible] sychus. He was a poet of [illegible] lect in an age that wanted [illegible] of the emotions. Here, [illegible] Sidgwick has the last word [illegible] passage quoted above he [illegible] there need be no final opp[illegible] tween them; an intellect[illegible] fails not because it contains [illegible] thought but too little feeling [illegible] and penetrate the thought.

Without necessarily agreeing [illegible] all Mr Biswas's conclusions [illegible] say with conviction that by [illegible] this is the best and most [illegible] sive study of Clough yet [illegible] It is certainly essential [illegible] anyone with a serious inte[illegible] poetry, although a good de[illegible] vious knowledge is neces[illegible] reader is to get full value [illegible] Biswas's own interpretat[illegible] criticism.

The disinterestedness of Shakespeare

KENNETH MUIR:
Shakespeare's Tragic Sequence
207pp. Hutchinson. £2.50 (paperback, £1).

MARVIN ROSENBERG:
The Masks of King Lear
431pp. University of California Press (IBEG). £6.20.

MARTIN HOLMES:
Shakespeare and His Players
213pp. John Murray. £3.

These three studies in Shakespeare share a distrust of attempts to circumscribe the plays by theory or doctrine. Kenneth Muir pours cold water on definitions of Shakespearian tragedy, arguing instead for the unique qualities of individual plays, and upholding Shakespeare's dramatic disinterestedness against more dogmatic and moralistic criticism. His reaffirmation of an undidactic Shakespeare who "sees the situation steadily and sees it whole" is paralleled by Marvin Rosenberg's close analysis of *King Lear* in performance, which draws the conclusion that a tragedy reflecting "so many varieties of human possibility" must defeat any attempt to enclose its meaning in limited formulae such as redemption, retribution, endgame, morality, etc." More provocatively, Martin Holmes suggests that the lofty concerns of much academic criticism are alien both to the theatrical immediacy and to the middle-class morality for which the plays were designed.

Professor Muir is less anxious to find something wholly new to say in *Shakespeare's Tragic Sequence* than to present a clear and balanced account of each play, weeding out as he proceeds the more eccentric or partisan interpretations that lie in his path. Thus Hamlet and Othello are defended against their recent detractors, who are reminded that "tragic heroes are seldom or never patterns of right conduct", while *King Lear* is retrieved from the Christian redemptionists at one extreme and from the endgame pessimists at the other. Keats's observation that Shakespeare's mind was "a thoroughfare for all thoughts, not a select party" is vividly illustrated by the account of a production of *Coriolanus* in Paris during the 1930s, at which the audience rioted because "the communists believed that the play was a libel on the proletariat; the fascists thought it was a satire on dictatorship". Not that this insistence on Shakespeare's all-embracing impartiality makes a fetish of ambiguity; on the contrary, the issues are sometimes cut too cleanly, as in the confident declaration that it is "Hamlet's bounden duty to avenge the murder". The main focus falls upon character and action, with disappointingly little response to the linguistic texture of the plays, but within its brief scope this survey contains a great deal of critical sanity, tact and insight.

Shakespeare's powers of accommodation are amply demonstrated also in *The Masks of King Lear*, [illegible] scene-by-scene exploration of the play-text and its varied embodiment by generations of actors throughout the world. But Professor Rosenberg is not concerned merely to record the multiplicity of possible Lears; the play and its roles can be made to work in different ways, yet each is shown to derive its internal logic and development from the unfolding design of the text. This approach is based on the recognition that the world of the play "is made of sight, sound, and word, and it cannot be comprehended unless the three components are perceived in a single gestalt". Detailed consideration of the physical expressiveness of intonation and silence, stance and gesture, movement and glance in performance need not be extraneous to the study of Shakespeare's text; as here, it can often illuminate patterns, tensions and rhythms in the action which are not apparent on the page. To this extent the currently fashionable notion of the sub-text [illegible] Professor Rosenberg uses it [illegible] sents no more than the actor's or director's realization of meaning in the play.

There is a possibility for confusion, however, when we are told that this meaning often "depends on sub-textual gesture that may deny, undercut, play against the words", for the only basis for interpretation must be at whatever level in the words themselves, even where these are ambivalent or ironic. When the sub-text takes precedence over the text, we are likely to get something other than Shakespeare, and probably something inferior. But this is only one of the issues prompted by a book [illegible] will enhance every reader's understanding of *King Lear* and of Shakespeare the playwright.

Shakespeare and His Players is a collection of essays loosely tied together by their emphasis on Shakespeare's practical, business-like nature both as a dramatic craftsman and as an unsentimental worldling "as sound a realist as the London merchants in his audience". [illegible] Mr Holmes is an expert on Elizabethan costume and armour, and the most informative places in this volume are those dealing with aspects of dress and stage combat in the plays. He also makes some observant points about Shakespeare's skill in differentiating between minor characters.

But the more speculative ventures [illegible] with the same degree of competence. Those [illegible] unnamed scholars whom [illegible] accuses of romanticizing [illegible] speare, for instance, must [illegible] dead for thirty years at least [illegible] other hand, the sceptical [illegible] contemporary scholar [illegible] Muir, might aptly be [illegible] assumption that Shakespeare [illegible] his customers shared [illegible] the same bourgeois values [illegible] [illegible] turn of the sixteenth [illegible] Since Ben Jonson had [illegible] 1615, it is hardly true to [illegible] 1623 First Folio [illegible] had been published [illegible] [illegible] after Kempe had left the [illegible] in 1599 [illegible] 1597; similarly [illegible] between 1600 and 1604 [illegible] [illegible] It is hard-headedness that [illegible] is after, he had better [illegible] some of [illegible]

For after the Freeze

FRANK BLACKABY (Editor):
An Incomes Policy for Britain
[illegible]pp. Heinemann Educational. £4.

[illegible]h one very significant exception [illegible]st points of view on the problems [illegible]n incomes policy are to be found [illegible]resented in this book. It is a report [illegible] conference held in London at the [illegible]inning of 1972 under the auspices [illegible]he Social Science Research Council and the National Institute of [illegible]nomic and Social Research. The [illegible] view missing is that of opposition to any kind of incomes policy. [illegible] for practical purposes this is [illegible]rticularly important because this [illegible]w is held by many trade unionists, [illegible]luding Hugh Scanlon, and a number of employers and Conservative [illegible]mbers of Parliament. They all [illegible] the view, from opposite ends of [illegible] political spectrum, that a prices [illegible] incomes policy is incompatible [illegible] the working of the capitalist [illegible]em.

[illegible]ne trade-union viewpoint is represented by Giles Radice, head of the [illegible]earch Department of the General [illegible] Municipal Workers' Union, and [illegible]id Lipsey, now personal assistant [illegible] Anthony Crosland, MP. They [illegible]nowledge, however, that they [illegible] not typical of many trade [illegible]onists. Mr Radice and Mr Lipsey, [illegible]ugh favourable to the idea of a [illegible]es and incomes policy, nevertheless put forward a particularly tough [illegible]gramme, including economic [illegible]wth, price control (including subsidies), fiscal measures and direct [illegible]rol on profits, greater equality, [illegible] more say for workers in the [illegible]sion-making process of industry. [illegible]y point out that if an incomes policy is to be acceptable it must command the support of millions of ordinary trade union members. A "freeze" may win temporary support, but it is no substitute for longer-term measures.

There were four main contributions: from Alex Jarratt, formerly Secretary of the Prices and Incomes Board and now Managing Director of the International Publishing Corporation, E. H. Phelps Brown, Hugh Clegg and John Corina. All, for different reasons, are worthy of close attention. Mr Jarratt accepts that a workable incomes policy would have to form part of "an overall approach to economic and social improvement". If it were associated with restraint it would lead to failure. He accepts that an incomes policy must be linked to a prices policy, but he does not accept that the Labour Government's vetting system was ineffective on prices. Indeed, he says that in some ways it was more effective on prices than on incomes.

Professor Phelps Brown discusses the details of an incomes policy and rightly draws attention to the need to exercise influence at the point where wages are determined. In many industries this is at plant level. He then goes on to suggest that an incomes policy might be made workable if large employers and unions were represented within a central consortium, which would have the task of exercising control. The problem with this suggestion is that it would be unacceptable to the unions in any kind of circumstances which now appear likely.

Professor Clegg appears pessimistic about the possibility of another incomes policy working satisfactorily. He is more conscious than most of the almost infinite difficulties that arise within any machinery of control. His paper is a reminder of all the problems encountered during the years of the PIB.

Mr Corina reminds readers that wage drift imposes severe constraints upon incomes policy strategy. It cannot be controlled centrally, but its existence means that national negotiations tend always to produce settlements which cannot be met without price increases. Drift occurs principally in industries where there is plant bargaining.

Of the other contributors Ralph Turvey, also formerly of the PIB, has some interesting things to say about the causes of inflation in conditions of unemployment and underutilized productive resources. The editor, Frank Blackaby, also contributes a background paper on the general problems of an incomes policy. He points out that in all countries which have tried an incomes policy a list of criteria has been established for exceptions to the norm. These criteria are much the same in each case. They include low pay, the productivity of individual industries or plants, shortage of manpower and comparability. The difficulty is to avoid making the criteria for exceptions so broad that the bulk of wage awards which would have been given in the absence of an incomes policy can get through one or other of them. Within the scope of 250 pages this book can legitimately claim to be a concise encyclopedia of the problems of an incomes policy.

Filling in

ROSA LUXEMBURG and NIKOLAI BUKHARIN:
Imperialism and the Accumulation of Capital
Edited by Kenneth J. Tarbuck
Translated by Rudolf Wichmann
289pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £4.

Rosa Luxemburg's major theoretical work, *The Accumulation of Capital*, was published shortly before the outbreak of war in 1914. It aroused great interest, and met some severe criticism, among Marxists in Germany and Central Europe; and in 1915, while in prison, she wrote a long reply to her critics, commonly known as the *Anti-Critique*. This was published only in 1921, two years after her death. In 1924 Bukharin, then at the height of his fame and power as the leading theorist, after Lenin's death, of the Russian Communist Party, wrote two leading articles in a party journal, which appeared both in Russian and German editions, in rebuttal of the *Anti-Critique*, and these were published as pamphlets in both languages in 1925. *The Accumulation of Capital* at last appeared in an English translation with an introduction by Joan Robinson in 1951. The present volume contains what appears to be an excellent translation by Rudolf Wichmann of the *Anti-Critique* and of Bukharin's reply.

The argument arising out of Luxemburg's gloss on Marxist doctrine is dense and technical; and this is very much a book for specialists, for whom it will be required reading. But the essential point of the controversy is not obscure. Luxemburg believed herself to have filled a lacuna in Marx's thought. Marx had predicted the collapse of capitalism from its internal contradictions, but had said little about the actual process. Luxemburg, living in the age of imperialism, argued that the capitalist system could maintain itself so long as it was able to exploit non-capitalist markets and producers. (She was also prescient enough to see the manufacture of armaments as a pillar of a declining capitalism.) But when this possibility ceased to exist, because of the exhaustion of countries open to capitalist exploitation, or because of wars between the imperialist powers, the capitalist system would inevitably be destroyed.

Orthodox Marxists of more than one country sprang to the defence of Marx against this attempt to revise his doctrine. Luxemburg was accused of finding a loophole for the survival of capitalism and for the postponement of the revolution which would destroy it. When Bukharin wrote his essay in 1924, the campaign against her was being conducted by the so-called left wing of the German Communist Party, then the ruling group in the party. The discussion was scholarly, perhaps scholastic, but the tone of political acrimony was not far beneath the surface. Later, when Bukharin himself was preaching in the Communist International the need to recognize the "temporary stabilization of capitalism", Luxemburg was accused of depicting the downfall of capitalism as inevitable, and neglecting the actively revolutionary character of the process: Luxemburgism was equated with Menshevism.

Kenneth Tarbuck has provided a learned review of the contributions of later Marxists to the problem of imperialism, holding the balance for and against Luxemburg's views. He has also supplied, for the benefit of the layman, short biographies of the two protagonists. Rosa Luxemburg has been well served by two outstanding biographers—Paul Frölich and J. P. Nettl. Bukharin has been less fortunate; and Mr Tarbuck has made a real contribution in his analysis of Bukharin's elusive personality—simple, even disingenuous, at the core, but tragically buffeted and distorted by the harsh climate of the times in which his lot was cast.

Flowing in and out

[illegible]IC CHALMERS:
[illegible]national Interest Rate War
[illegible]pp. Macmillan. £4.95.

[illegible] are many so-called economic [illegible]lems which can ultimately be [illegible]rstood only within a non-[illegible]omic framework. However, until [illegible] has resolutely applied the analy[illegible]cal tools of economic theory to [illegible] particular problem at hand, one [illegible]ing less than justice to the con[illegible]able power of economics as a [illegible]ence. This, unfortunately, is at [illegible] partly true of the approach of [illegible] author in this book.

Eric Chalmers's subject is the [illegible] in international interest rates [illegible]ween 1960 and 1970. The conten[illegible] is that the rise in rates [illegible]oughout this period and, in [illegible]icular, the peaking of rates in [illegible]6 and 1969, must be seen as the [illegible]rnational consequence of indi[illegible]dual countries' attempts to pursue [illegible]onalistic economic policies in [illegible] to maintain overall balance in [illegible]rnal payments.

[illegible] fact it was nothing less than an [illegible]national war. Much as retail [illegible] undercut each other to get [illegible] business, so nations vie with [illegible] other in raising their individ[illegible] Bank Rates to attract inflows of [illegible]-term capital. The ultimate [illegible] of such wars over the past [illegible] has been the permissive [illegible] policies, especially those [illegible] by Britain and the United [illegible] permissive in the sense that [illegible] countries were prepared to [illegible] enormous deficits on their [illegible] of payments and rates of [illegible] substantially higher than [illegible] of the 1950s. In this atmo[illegible] of increasing violence (sadis[illegible] [illegible]chistic), the [illegible] of Euro[illegible] bankers, central bankers, fin[illegible] and industrialists, is seen as [illegible] provocateur.

[illegible] cannot help feeling as one [illegible] the book that the use of [illegible] metaphors to describe the [illegible] of interest rates over the [illegible] decade is quite superfluous, [illegible] most important explana[illegible] [illegible] dramatic rise in interest [illegible] has been the equally dramatic [illegible] inflation. Once investors are [illegible] to form expectations of [illegible] inflation, and countries to fix [illegible] rates at artificial levels, [illegible] simultaneously increasing the deficit or surplus on their balance of payments, most of the behaviour of interest rates can be explained. If we add to this the artificial pegging by governments of certain interest rates, such as Regulation Q in the United States, the rise in the Euro-dollar rate (which is an uncontrolled market) is the response of supply and demand in a black market situation seeking to circumvent such controls.

To reverse the upward trend in rates in the 1960s, the author's prescription is that economic permissiveness on the part of governments must be firmly held in check; inflation must be mastered; the Euro-dollar market controlled; unemployment allowed to increase; the dollar devalued; and that ultimate permissiveness, exchange rate flexibility, strictly controlled.

The real weakness of these proposals is that they are discussed regardless of the cost of implementing them. Inflation is such an evil, even presumably if fully anticipated, that it must be removed. This is much too bold an assertion. However, despite its shortcomings, the book is an interesting attempt to articulate the widely held belief in the European banking world of the perverse role played by the United States in the present monetary system and for that reason, if for no other, deserves to be read.

Digging out

RICHARD WEST:
River of Tears
201pp. Earth Island. Paperback, £1.95.

Richard West apparently had some difficulty in finding a publisher for *River of Tears*, not, one would suspect, because of the quality of what he has written but rather because of the subject he has chosen. His subject is a controversial one, and his eventual publishers must have crossed their fingers when they brought it out.

What he sets out to do is to examine the history of the Rio Tinto-Zinc Mining Corporation in their search for and recovery of minerals in Southern Africa, Australasia and Britain. He does not claim to describe the internal workings of the company, nor their technical mining methods nor "least of all", "mining finance". What he is interested in is the politics of mining—"that is, the effects of the company on the countries and societies where it operates". His theme is political, his technique is polemical, and his conclusions are inevitably contentious.

Rio Tinto (Rhodesia), he claims, is an offshoot of RTZ, though it is no longer included in the RTZ group accounts, and he suggests that its exports have helped to keep the economy of that unhappy country going in spite of sanctions. He tries hard to find evidence of company sin in Lesotho, but fails, and hastens on to South West Africa, where RTZ has a large interest in the Rossing uranium mine. After describing some odd sidelights of the mining of uranium, iron ore and bauxite in Australia, he devotes thirty pages to the Bougainville copper mining venture. In Britain, he discusses the Avonmouth and Anglesey smelter pollution affairs, and finally gold and other prospecting in North Wales.

Mr West obviously believes that some considerations have simply been left out of the accounts in the successful pursuit of minerals and profits. He has been around, he has done his homework and his field-work, but somehow his case against RTZ as a sort of Hydra does not quite jell. In places he suggests that the evidence was not publicly available, where in fact it may not have existed; and in other places the sort of perspective a critical reader might demand is simply not presented. However, his collection of background material and circumstantial evidence is remarkable.

To sum up

ARTHUR J. TAYLOR:
Laissez-faire and State Intervention in Nineteenth-century Britain

S. D. CHAPMAN:
The Cotton Industry in the Industrial Revolution
79pp each. Macmillan. Paperback, 50p each.

These two valuable additions to the "Studies in Economic History" series, edited by M. W. Flinn for the Economic History Society, bring the number of pamphlets issued so far to fourteen. The topics covered now range very widely, from the decline of serfdom in medieval England to the industrialization of Russia and the economic effects of the two world wars; the list of contributors includes a number of the most distinguished British scholars working in the subject today.

Although the object of the series —providing up-to-date guides to current interpretations of key themes in economic history — remains unchanged, the format has changed significantly since the appearance of the first pamphlets more than four years ago. In particular, the more recent contributions are about twice as long, more detailed, and heavily footnoted. The consequent gain in depth, however, is perhaps more than offset by a loss in clarity of exposition; and it could be argued that the recent fuller discussions are rather less helpful to the teachers and non-specialists at whom the series is primarily aimed. Their requirement is not so much a scholarly dissertation as a plainly-marked, straightforward chart designed to lead them through the intricate shoals with which, over the years, specialized writing has obscured the old channel.

Nevertheless, the series performs a valuable function of summarizing and simplifying complex historical controversies. The production of authoritative, up-to-date surveys, complete with annotated bibliographies, and all at a moderate price, has helped the non-specialist to keep abreast of the latest advances, and in the long run should encourage the teaching of economic and social history in schools and colleges. The continued relevance of the series, however, will depend on the soundness of the expository approach adopted and the modernity of the views expressed. Where research is being actively undertaken and much new writing appears, interpretations can change radically within a few years. To fulfil their purpose the pamphlets will need frequent revision, and no doubt the editor and publishers will have this point in mind.

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Ecology in spate

EDWARD GOLDSMITH; ROBERT ALLEN, MICHAEL ALLABY, JOHN DAVULL and SAM LAWRENCE :

A Blueprint for Survival

173pp. Tom Stacey. £1.50. Penguin. Paperback, 30p.

MICHAEL ALLABY :

Who Will Eat ?

252pp. Tom Stacey. £2.90.

JONATHAN BENTHALL (Editor) :

Ecology, The Shaping Enquiry

367pp. Longman. £3.95.

KAI CURRY-LINDAHL :

Conservation for Survival

335pp. Gollancz. £3.25.

LORUS and MARGERY MILNE :

The Arena of Life

350pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.25.

Ten years ago, the general public had hardly even heard the words "ecology" and "environment", except possibly when used by scientists and naturalists who were interested in animals and plants in their natural locations. Then Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* made the possible dangers of pesticides widely known. She was a competent biologist who had studied her subject deeply. She dealt in detail with one particular environmental danger, and although hers was a somewhat one-sided picture, most of her facts were true, and many of her conclusions were based on scientific observations. Since then there has been a spate of books dealing much more widely with the environment, and with the possible dangers to man and to wildlife of pollution, population, the exhaustion of resources and of the industrial society in general. The books considered here are a few of the more recent offerings. Had they been written ten years ago, some of them might have made a greater impact.

Many writers today seem to believe that if they call themselves "ecologists", they have the right to speak authoritatively on almost any subject. Thus Max Nicholson is quoted on the dustcover of *Ecology, The Shaping Enquiry* as saying :

> Ecology is the study of plants and animals in relation to their environment and to one another. But it is also more than that: it is the main intellectual discipline and tool which enables us to hope that human evolution can be mutated, can be shifted on to a new course, so that man will cease to knock hell out of the environment on which his own future depends.

However, he gives no evidence to show just how "ecology" gives its self-avowed practitioners their alleged omniscience. The scientist who has studied animals and plants can speak with authority about his own work. He may be able to speak as an intelligent citizen on any matter he thinks important. But he is dishonest when he uses his academic standing in one field to pretend to the general reader that he is an expert where he possesses no expertise. And the journalist who calls himself an ecologist is still a journalist and not a scientist. His writings may be profound and valuable, but not if they claim a scientific content to which the writer has no right.

A Blueprint for Survival has been discussed up and down the corridors of power. It has been widely quoted, not least by those who have not taken the trouble to read through the text. It is sometimes spoken of as an important contribution to ecology, and the general impression is that it was produced by some of Britain's leading ecologists and scientists. In fact the actual authors, though undoubtedly committed to trying to save the world in their own ways, are competent journalists with no claim whatever to the title of "ecologists". None, for instance, is a member of the British Ecological Society, a body which includes practically all professional ecologists in Britain, and which also includes within its numbers most amateurs who have made a serious study of the subject.

This confusion has arisen because a number of genuine ecologists, and other non-ecological scientists, have signed a "Statement of Support" skilfully organized and published by the *Ecologist* (sic) magazine. The public has assumed that these "supporters" were the authors. In fact many of those whose signatures appear in the list have been very critical of the text, though, like President Coolidge's clergyman who was "against sin", they all agree that we must strive harder to prevent damage to our environment. Although the writers of the *Blueprint* admit that the supporters do not "endorse every detail" of the text, this qualification has not always been realized by the public.

The *Blueprint* is valuable in drawing attention to the ills that would overwhelm mankind if population growth and industrial development continued to grow exponentially. This needed to be said loudly and clearly, so that we could try to avoid the consequences. Unfortunately the argument is weakened on almost every page by erroneous premises and jejune solutions regarding pollution, the exhaustion of resources and food production. Michael Allaby is one of the authors of the *Blueprint*; he has also produced *Who Will Eat ?*, a book expanding his views on the present and future positions of agriculture. He is a committed organic agriculturalist who believes that most of the precepts of traditional agriculture are ultimately counterproductive. His arguments are based on this dogma rather than on practical experience, and his solutions will make little appeal to those who have studied tropical agriculture at first hand.

Ecology, The Shaping Enquiry, is a series of lectures, first given at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in 1970-71. This makes a curious book, the lectures often being of considerable interest, but of little relation one to another. Thus one of the longer pieces is a factual account of "Sewage" by Kenneth Tyler, which is a curious bedfellow for Steven Rose's "The Real Significance of Chemical and Biological Warfare", which is mainly a political attack on United States policy in Vietnam. Nevertheless, many parts of this book are well worth reading. These include N. W. Pirie's "The Biosphere without Man" and C. D. Darlington's "The Impact of Man on Nature".

We may query the right of ecologists, even of those who have studied the subject scientifically, to speak with authority on human population growth or the future of industrial development or power sources, but they should be able to make their contribution in regard to wildlife. Kai Curry-Lindahl is a zoologist with considerable first-hand knowledge of the fauna of East Africa. Unfortunately much of his book strays from his own field, and includes rather inaccurate and out-of-date discussions of the alleged effects of pesticides.

The Arena of Life is by Lorus and Margery Milne, a husband and wife team who are both qualified biologists. They have written an attractive and informative book, but once again it is marred by their attempt to extend their field too widely. When writing about animals and ecosystems they are excellent, but on environmental factors they are less informative. Ecologists certainly have a contribution to make, but while they pretend to knowledge they do not possess, and to the ability to judge situations outside their experience, they will not be taken seriously by the policy makers they ought to be influencing, and those who are not ecologists should realize that their admirable efforts to improve the world gain nothing by the bogus assumption of ecological expertise.

Health and its history

G. MELVYN HOWE :

Man, Environment and Disease in Britain

A Medical Geography of Britain through the ages

285pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £4.75.

The connexion between living conditions and disease has been recognized for some time. It is now being studied more seriously in an attempt to find out, for example, why cancer of one organ should be more common in one part of the British Isles than another. It has not been difficult in the past to predict those areas where deaths from chronic bronchitis, the English disease, would be most common—the beneficial effects of the Clean Air Act may soon affect this prediction. As G. Melvyn Howe points out :

> the mid twentieth century marks the end of one of the most important social revolutions in British history, that is, the virtual elimination of infectious diseases as a significant factor in social life.

This revolution was not brought about by advances in medicine: "the influence of specific prevention and treatment of disease in the individual was restricted to small pox, and made little contribution to the total reduction in the death rate". It was the introduction of preventive measures on a general scale, however, that has led to the great improvement in health, and these "did not rest on knowledge of the mechanisation of infection but derived empirically from noting the association between sickness and bad living conditions".

Looking at the medical history from the time of the Roman occupation Professor Howe finds that it is the recurrent epidemics of plague, sweat, typhus fever, infantile diarrhoea and other explosive diseases that are important. Water borne diseases, such as typhoid fever and dysentery, must have claimed many victims, but they were not then recognized as separate entities, and it is difficult to estimate their particular effect. There is no knowing from what people died or from what illnesses they suffered, apart from the great epidemics: the London Bills of Mortality do not start until 1532, and they were compiled by Searchers, "ancient Matrons sworn to their office", who viewed each corpse and decided to what disease death was due. Incidentally, Professor Howe suggests that Fracastorius in 1546 propounded a theory that "infection" was due to the passage of minute bodies from the infector to the infected, and he might, therefore, almost be called the sixteenth-century pioneer of the germ theory. Varo, however, in about 200 AD, suggested that malaria among other fevers might be caused by living, even invisible, marsh-bred animals which enter by the mouth and nostrils.

The great expansion of industry at the time of the industrial revolution in the nineteenth century led to appalling slums: the practices for building and sanitation which had been accepted in the days of Imperial Rome were completely forgotten, or ignored, and it is now generally appreciated that "the material prosperity of the nineteenth century had been purchased at the cost of a general deterioration in the health of the people". Nevertheless the improvements in standards which took place during that century added a further ten years to life expectancy; this had been stationary at approximately thirty since the Middle Ages and rose to forty-four by 1900. Against this encouraging sign was the grim fact that the incidence of pulmonary tuberculosis increased until it became one of the commonest causes of death among young people.

Professor Howe gives examples of how we can still waste or misapply the value or usefulness of our new discoveries: for example, the value of the antibiotic chloramphenicol, a specific in the treatment of typhoid fever, is being jeopardized by the popular vogue of feeding it to broiler fowls, which may well destroy, or at least reduce, its value as a therapeutic agent.

Science at sea

ERIC LINKLATER :

The Voyage of the Challenger

288pp. John Murray. £5.

The voyage of HMS Challenger (1872-76) is often heralded as marking the birth of oceanography. Parturition in the sciences is seldom so sudden, however, and much of the Challenger's success lay in the provocative work of its predecessors. Thus, by the 1860s it was becoming increasingly difficult to uphold the suggestion made by Edward Forbes that life could not exist below 230 fathoms. The researches of Michael Sars in Norway, and of Charles Wyville Thomson and William Carpenter in HMS Lightning in 1868, significantly lowered Forbes's barrier. The final rebuttal to the azoic theory came some two years before the Challenger set sail, a dredge put over by HMS Porcupine bringing up marine life from a depth of no less than 2,435 fathoms. The Challenger dredged deeper and oftener and in other seas, but was now concerned more with the nature of abyssal life than with its mere existence.

A second important problem in this period was that of oceanic circulation. The prevailing view of the 1830s, that the ocean depths held a uniform layer of water at 40 degrees Fahrenheit, was exploded once frequent and fairly accurate temperature readings were possible. Theories of an oceanic circulation sustained by temperature dependent density differences had already been outlined in Alexander von Humboldt's *Cosmos* and in the rather neglected writings of Emil von Lenz.

In the years leading up to the Challenger voyage the mechanism was hotly debated, with Carpenter leading those who favoured temperature (and thus density) as the cause of water movements, against the equally determined James Croll and his supporters, for whom ocean currents were solely impelled by the prevailing winds. By 1871, Sir William Thomson, later Lord Kelvin, felt that Carpenter had "thoroughly established his case" and although the argument dragged on, it was the Challenger's role to consolidate and to extend the essentially correct theories developed by Carpenter on the Lightning and Porcupine.

This in no way detracts from the magnificent achievements of the Challenger expedition, whose published results, in fifty large volumes, provided virtually the basis for all subsequent oceanographic work. To grasp the significance of the voyage, however, it is essential to study its prelude and especially the scientific theories which seemed important enough to justify some 250,000 man-days in hard and sometimes unrewarding drudgery. Unfortunately, Eric Linklater's prelude occupies little more than a pa[illegible] gives a sketchy accou[illegible] fall of Forbes's azoi[illegible] main characters are the[illegible] (but forgetting Rudol[illegible] moes-Suhm, the zoolo[illegible] death on page 273) a[illegible] steps on board at [illegible] accompany the expediti[illegible] three and a half years [illegible] world.

Drawing on the pages [illegible] eport and of the six [illegible] kept on the voyage, [illegible] gives an entertaining [illegible] tific account of the [illegible] progress. He makes it [illegible] his opinion, "there is [illegible] a detailed account of [illegible] discoveries" in a bo[illegible] for general reading". [illegible] the much maligned [illegible] would surely appreciat[illegible] example, why the Ke[illegible] bage is called *Pri*[illegible] *butica*, why sailors in the [illegible] Terror had to eat it, [illegible] lowly *Peripatus*, hailed [illegible] the most important [illegible] coverie of the voya[illegible] excite so much enthu[illegible] tracheae and viviparou[illegible]

The question of whe[illegible] minifera of the ocean [illegible] live there or are the re[illegible] dropping from the su[illegible] was solved by John Mu[illegible] voyage, while the ch[illegible] Buchanan proved that T[illegible] ley's *Bathybius*, the so[illegible] tive life-substance on the [illegible] was nothing more than [illegible] precipitation of calcium [illegible] the alcohol in which [illegible] sample was bottled.

On these and many oth[illegible] Mr Linklater misses [illegible] and ones that are enti[illegible] to the purpose of the [illegible] very useful to know th[illegible] Defoe's Crusoe or the [illegible] sandwich; and interestin[illegible] about cannibalism, the [illegible] Mikado and the habits of [illegible] The author is clearly [illegible] with Henry Moseley, one [illegible] assistant naturalists un[illegible] Thomson, for whom the [illegible] logical work ashore cam[illegible] come relief from the re[illegible] boring task of sorting [illegible] dredge catches. Yet, wh[illegible] of those hauls, the stra[illegible] fishes, the puzzling [illegible] nodules, the huge shark[illegible] invertebrates able to [illegible] incredible pressures, al[illegible] tifully illustrated in th[illegible] passed over in the text [illegible] the standard elemen[illegible] travelogue.

However, the book [illegible] extremely readable and [illegible] on the dust jacket [illegible] dwarfed by the author's [illegible] who enjoy Eric Linkla[illegible] will not begrudge the im[illegible]

Is it a dormouse?

MARION NIXON :

The Oxford Book of Vertebrates

Cyclostomes, Fish, Amphibians, Reptiles, and Mammals

Illustrated by Derek Whiteley

216pp. Oxford University Press. £3.50.

The eighth in a series on the British flora and fauna, *The Oxford Book of Vertebrates* shares with its predecessors some very good features but also one main disappointment. There are now very large numbers of urban dwellers whose day-to-day experience of British non-avian vertebrates is confined to a few pets and pests, and what they see at the butchers or fishmongers. On holiday, or out in the country for the weekend, the argument begins, "It's a dormouse"—"no, it's a vole"—but which vole ?" Armed with this book, the arguments can be more sophisticated ("It's a mouse-eared bat, or is it Natterer's bat ?") but they are no easier to resolve. In the *Oxford Book of Invertebrates* (*TLS*, December 24, 1971) this was less of a disadvantage because the enormous number of species makes certain identification by the layman almost impossible. With [illegible] brates (and with the bir[illegible] it should be possible [illegible] most, if not all.

Diagnostic features ar[illegible] mentioned in the text and [illegible] illustrations are not [illegible] themselves. Although di[illegible] a multi-coloured animal [illegible] perfectly obvious to the [illegible] is surprising how help[illegible] small arrow can be to the [illegible] The ninety-six plates have [illegible] ably soft, lifelike appear[illegible] crisp and even attitud[illegible] would have helped to ac[illegible] principal object, easy reco[illegible]

Apart from this criticis[illegible] is up-to-date and gives a [illegible] summary of the life histo[illegible] tribution of each species [illegible] are included, occasionall[illegible] illustration. The classifica[illegible] end of the book (follow[illegible] A. S. Romer) includes all [illegible] mentioned. The short cha[illegible] general ecology of the B[illegible] seems misplaced at the [illegible] book and could have bee[illegible] tensive. However, once [illegible] has been identified, *Th*[illegible] *Book of Vertebrates* wil[illegible] most useful volume to co[illegible]

Moscow master

[illegible]. LAZAREV :

[illegible]scow School of Icon-Painting

[illegible]nslated by G. V. Strelkova

[illegible]p. 88 Colour Plates. Moscow: [illegible]sstvo. Rs10.85.

[illegible] is a companion volume to [illegible] N. Lazarev's *Novgorodian Icon-[illegible]nting*, published in Moscow in [illegible]9, both books being of similar [illegible] and appearance, and with the [illegible]sian and English texts arranged [illegible] parallel columns. Both contain [illegible] short selective bibliography, but [illegible] index. In both, where relevant, [illegible] small colour version of the large [illegible] our plate is inserted in the space [illegible] arating the two columns of text. [illegible]s enables the reader to follow [illegible] author's arguments without [illegible]ing constantly to refer back to [illegible] illustrations assembled at the [illegible] of the book and, having assimi[illegible]d the theories put forward in [illegible] text, he can turn to studying [illegible]fully the full-size plates.

[illegible] would be wrong to conclude [illegible] the volume's splendid appear[illegible] that it is a coffee-table book. [illegible]ever pleasing to the eye, this [illegible] work of true scholarship. The [illegible]sian text is well rendered into [illegible]lish by G. V. Strelkova and the [illegible]ellence of E. I. Steynert's photo[illegible]phs together with the size and [illegible]lity of the reproductions help [illegible] reader to appreciate the merits [illegible] the originals. The author—the [illegible]an of Russia's art historians—[illegible] assembled here all the known [illegible]terpieces of the Muscovite school [illegible] icon painting, analysing the style [illegible] iconography of each panel and [illegible]ing it in its historical back[illegible]und. He dates the origins of the [illegible]ool to well before Rublyov's day, [illegible] is to say to the start of the [illegible]teenth century rather than to its closing decades. While noting its indebtedness to the traditions which had been evolved at Vladimir at an earlier date, he lays much stress on the influence which the Palaeologan school of Byzantium, especially as exemplified by that great master, Theophanes the Greek, exercised over contemporary Russian artists. In the main, however, the book centres on Andrei Rublyov and it is in the descriptions of Rublyov's works that the author's text attains great lyricism and lucidity.

When setting out to distinguish between the panels painted by Rublyov himself and those done by his companions, Prokhor of Gorodetz and Daniil, or by members of their workshops, Professor Lazarev relies on the keen discernment of his eye as well as on his wide knowledge and experience. Although his conclusions do not in every case correspond with those put forward by certain other eminent Russian scholars his arguments are invariably weighty and deserving of careful consideration.

Professor Lazarev believes that the Muscovite school of panel painting was at its best during the three opening decades of the fifteenth century, that it marked time under Rublyov's followers and that it revived at the end of the century with its third great artist, the painter Dionysy. The latter in his turn profoundly influences many of Moscow's artists and his followers produced some of the school's finest sixteenth-century icons. The author is evidently no great admirer of the seventeenth-century panels: he ends his survey with works dating from no later than the first half of the sixteenth century. However, no purist will disagree with Professor Lazarev on this point and all lovers of medieval religious painting will derive great pleasure from his selection.

An embrace evolves

GERTRUD SCHILLER :

Iconography of Christian Art

Volume 2 : The Passion of Jesus Christ

Translated by Janet Seligman.

692pp. Lund Humphries. £15.

This is the second volume of Gertrud Schiller's five-volume work, which attempts to group and explain the origins and earlier development of Christian iconography. The first volume (reviewed in the *TLS* on June 18, 1971) dealt with Christ's incarnation, infancy, works and miracles. The second volume takes up the narrative and discusses the imagery used to illustrate the sequence of events describing the Passion up to the entombment.

The major contribution of the book is the abundant pictorial reference, 816 examples in this volume, all of a respectable size and gratifying clarity. Because the illustrations are so comprehensive much information and pleasure can be gained simply by turning the pages of plates. This can be demonstrated by a single example. Judas identifies Christ by greeting him with a kiss, thus facilitating his arrest. "Yet each man kills the thing he loves . . . the coward does it with a kiss." Judas's embrace tumbles the narrative into a different tempo, the foreboding that overshadows the last supper becomes a present reality; the element of choice is supplanted by inevitability. An alternative course of action existed as a real option up to this point, otherwise the agony in the garden is meaningless. The pace quickens, prophecies are fulfilled with gathering momentum. On receiving this embrace, Christ's behaviour alters profoundly from one who positively leads to one who accepts a preordained role, that of the sacrificial lamb. From this point the images reproduced by Dr Schiller show him being literally manhandled through his final hours.

The manner in which this emotive scene is depicted often reflects the preoccupations of contemporary religious thought. The first example in this book is a sixth-century mosaic from Ravenna. This presents the dramatis personae in frontal array. Christ looks steadfastly forward as Judas holds him. It is a static, economic composition, simply telling an item of Christian belief to the frequently illiterate onlooker. This essentially informative image persists through the early manuscripts and ivories, modified by stylistic considerations. The statuesque quality of late antique monumental art gives way in these small works to a livelier demotic tradition. These are compositions of movement, where seemingly nervous but vibrant lines dart about in outline and drapery. This is shown in an eleventh-century Psalter from Winchester, or, with a similar sensibility, by the huge hands and feet of the figures in a ninth-century Psalter from St Germain-des-Près. These beautifully illustrate the expressive medium of medieval art. Especially delightful is the fluent choreography of the Codex Egberti, c 980, where Christ and Judas glide together in a slow dance between the opposing factions of disciples and captors.

As the Church gained in confidence and power, there was a lessening of inhibition towards representing Christ suffering as a man, rather than the manifestation of God on earth. The general tone of the imagery continued to reflect the medieval preoccupation of man's relationship to God. From the late twelfth century onwards, however, liturgical significance seems to give way to storytelling and the display of a newly-realized artistic virtuosity. Often the traitor's kiss itself is overwhelmed by peripheral activities simultaneously depicted, as in the thirteenth-century roodscreen carving from Naumberg. Here it is all but obscured by the figure of Peter attacking Malchus.

Significantly we look back to the early Christian picture cycles to explain something of Giotto's achievement. The scene is brought into focus with the same economy of means. In the Arena chapel, Giotto presents the betrayer's kiss with a new insight : now it is the problem of man's relationship to man that is shown. The kiss of death is timeless and has universal application. As such, the painting reflects the emergent spirit of humanism manifested in religious movements like the Franciscans. Christ and Judas are locked together, each regarding the other in close embrace, isolated from the rest of the scene and engulfed by the enclosing sweep of Judas's cloak.

The text is somewhat copious but often stimulating when used for reference purposes. Attention is rightly given to liturgical and Christological sources as well as to the biblical texts.

Iconography becomes very complex when varied images are brought together in meaningful juxtaposition. It is probably impossible to make any classification into which all types will conveniently find a place; typological motifs are especially errant. So there has to be a deal of cross-reference to other volumes in the series. Only with the appearance of the three subsequent volumes will the book's full use be realized. This volume contains an index for the first two volumes which is very comprehensive and workable. The translation sustains a fluency which makes easy reading even in the heavier passages of factual accumulation.

Professor Emeritus of nightmare

[illegible]L LINFERT :

[illegible]onymus Bosch

[illegible]p. including 63 black-and-white [illegible] and 48 colour plates. Thames [illegible] Hudson. £7.50.

[illegible] things would justify yet [illegible]ther addition to the already con[illegible]able literature on Hieronymus [illegible]ch, the so-called Professor [illegible]ritus of the nightmare. Either [illegible] writer has found some new and [illegible]nificant facts concerning Bosch, [illegible] he has summarized clearly for the [illegible]eral reader the different theories [illegible]ered by scholars to explain the [illegible]er works of the enigmatic [illegible]ant master.

[illegible]ermann Dollmayr, Max J. [illegible]dlaender, Charles Tolnay, Lud[illegible] Baldass, Jacques Combe, E. H. [illegible]mbrich, Mia Cinotti and Elena [illegible]s, have said all that is art-[illegible]orically important about Bosch. [illegible] Linfert has not added a [illegible] new fact to their scholar[illegible]p. Indeed, his present text [illegible]not substantially different from [illegible] text of about the same length [illegible]ich appeared in English in 1959 [illegible] a book which was eight times [illegible] expensive. He provides no guide [illegible] the literature on the interpreta[illegible] of Bosch's works. He does men[illegible] the name of Fraenger but [illegible] agrees nor disagrees with [illegible] In the face of that writer's [illegible] original, stimulating but com[illegible]ly controversial theories, such [illegible]ness is excessive. The intelligent [illegible] specialist reader is further per[illegible]ed. He will reasonably assume [illegible] this handsome book with its 48 [illegible] mounted colour plates and its [illegible] black-and-white plates is intended [illegible]him. The briefest glance at the [illegible] will immediately contradict that [illegible]mption; it is old-fashioned art [illegible]ory at its driest.

[illegible]er a short introduction Mr Lin[illegible] indulges that infuriating quirk [illegible] academic art historian and [illegible]bes the paintings in full but un[illegible]sary detail as if the viewer were [illegible] His account of the works in [illegible] now accepted chronological [illegible] is followed by an even fuller [illegible]cing the colour plates.

[illegible] known documented facts about [illegible]fe of Bosch are more numerous [illegible] relevant than most of his bio[illegible]phers have admitted. Mr Linfert [illegible]kes poor use of these facts. He seems to have missed the significance of Bosch's marriage to a wealthy woman which gave him independence from the usual patrons, the Church in particular. This surely accounts for the striking difference between the subject-matter of his last great works and the work of his contemporaries in the Netherlands.

Mr Linfert's caution leads him into error. He writes that Bosch was without disciples or followers; but Bruegel comes immediately to mind. Further, it is difficult to imagine the development of Patinir's style without acknowledging the immense debt that painter owed to Bosch's panoramic world landscapes. Then, too, among 120 Flemish paintings bought by the Duke of Mantua nineteen years after the death of Bosch, twenty were of landscapes on fire, all painted by his followers.

When Mr Linfert does offer an unqualified factual statement, it must be accepted with reservation. His descriptive text accompanying the colour plate of "The Hay Wain" refers to the devils newly invented by Bosch. Many of them—already mature—slithered, limped or flew out of Voragine's "Golden Legend" or of "The Vision of Tondale", both well-known in Bosch's day. Maeterlinck's masterly studies of satire in Flemish sculpture and painting, and later Baltrusaitis, have shown the source of other genetic freaks of Bosch.

The author mentions Bosch's extraordinary imaginative faculty but says singularly little about the reasons which led that faculty into a satirical, moralizing pictorial comment on society. Indeed he leaves his reader fairly screaming for enlightenment about the meaning and purpose of Bosch's imagery. To write that Bosch was a stranger in his own time and place is not helpful, since Mr Linfert provides next to no information concerning that time and place. Some account of the intellectual, social, economic, and political climate would show that Bosch was in fact very much a man of his time and place.

During Bosch's life there was an intellectual ferment in Northern Europe which culminated in the Reformation. This ferment was part of the breakdown of the feudal system and produced bizarre events throughout Northern European society. No useful writing on Bosch can ignore this development and the work of such contributors to the ferment as Meister Eckhart, Ruysbroeck, Aegidius Cantor, Geiler von Kaisersberg, Sebastian Brant, and Thomas Murner.

In Northern Europe, cults arose bordering on the heretical, some of them using a language and imagery of cryptograms and arcane symbology. A number of scholars—Tolnay, Fraenger, Gombrich and Calas—have studied these matters and made a serious effort to penetrate the hidden meaning of the master's work, particularly in the three great triptychs in Madrid and Lisbon. A responsible text must grapple with their interpretations. This would require an exploration—not undertaken by Mr Linfert—of the intellectual climate in which Bosch lived and worked, including its enigmatic and chiliastic aspects. Bosch is certainly too important and interesting a painter to be left to the old-fashioned art historians. There is still a place for a modest and sensible book on Bosch designed for the average intelligent gallery-goer.

Golden days

OLIVER MILLAR :

The Age of Charles I

Painting in England 1620-1649

133pp including 258 plates. Tate Gallery. £2 (paperback, £1.10).

A few weeks after his arrival at the English Court, not as a painter but as Ambassador from the King of Spain, Rubens wrote home to a friend that England was remarkable "not only for the splendours of the outward culture, which seems to be extreme, as of a people happy in the lap of peace, but also for the incredible quantity of pictures, statues and ancient inscriptions which are to be found at this court". This golden moment in English cultural history is reflected as sharply as is ever likely to be possible in the current exhibition at the Tate Gallery, organized by the Surveyor of the Queen's Paintings.

Oliver Millar has long made an intensive study of the greatest art collector among the English sovereigns his special preoccupation. The nine brief surveys of various aspects of the age which preface the different sections of the exhibition contain the distilled learning of a quarter of a century. It would be difficult to find a better introduction to the art of the period than this richly-illustrated catalogue of the exhibition. The only missing aspect of courtly taste is a representative selection of the Old Master paintings from Charles's collection. To have attempted to borrow this would have involved, as Mr Millar remarks, "asking for the loan of some of the most famous pictures in the world", and even if such loans had been forthcoming the cost of insurance would have been prohibitive.

The exhibition not only includes some of the most famous Van Dycks in the world, ranging from the Queen's triple portrait of Charles to the Prince Rupert from Vienna, but also such totally unfamiliar masterpieces as the portrait of Henrietta Maria recently acquired by an American collector from the Barberini family, in whose possession it had remained almost unknown since the day in December 1636 when the King handed it to the Papal agent in London for presentation to Cardinal Francesco Barberini, nephew of Pope Urban VIII. A brilliant selection of miniature paintings, ranging from Hilliard to Samuel Cooper, supplements the large-scale oil paintings and drawings, and illustrates the one artistic field in which the English surpassed all other nations at that period. This attractively presented and inexpensive record of the exhibition will inevitably become an essential handbook for anyone studying Caroline culture.

THE BOOK OF PRESIDENTS,

published by the Arno Press division of The New York Times, gives 500,000 facts in 703 pages about US Presidents from Washington to Nixon. UK retail price £5.40 (overseas $12.95). Available now direct from US publisher, packing and postage 42p (overseas $1). or (UK orders only) subsequently from UK shipper, packing and postage 25p.

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Seeing ahead

HERBERT B. GREENHOUSE:
Premonitions
A Leap into the Future
327pp. Turnstone Press. £1.95.

This is a maddening piece of work, too good to be bad, too bad to be good. Though written in the idiom of the sort of magazines hairdressers provide to be read under the dryer, it contains much interesting and potentially valuable material. The references, though, are so few and so inadequate that only readers with some previous knowledge of the subject can even begin to distinguish assertion from evidence, fact from interpretation, foresight from wishful hindsight. There is no bibliography, and despite much dropping of names well known in parapsychology little indication is given of how to consult their work at first hand. Thus J. W. Dunne is quoted with no mention of his books; and, again, the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, which extend over ninety years, are repeatedly cited without titles, dates or details.

None of this would matter if Herbert Greenhouse's volume could be brushed off as trivial. It cannot. He discusses in vague, irritating and sometimes meaningless terms like "vibrations", "psychic centres" and "Aquarian prophets" (tadpoles foreseeing frogdom?) some baffling events, and some interesting ideas.

Among those events are various flashes of precognition concerning the Titanic disaster, among them a book written in 1898 on *The Wreck of the Titan* "the largest craft afloat . . . unsinkable, indestructible", with an inadequate supply of boats, which went down one April night after colliding with an Atlantic iceberg.

Mr Greenhouse also outlines some of the premonitions in word, vision, dream and sensation of the Aberfan disaster. Though a number of these might well have originated telepathically—it will be remembered that many mothers in Aberfan had expressed their anxiety about the coal-tip, and had been told not to fuss—some of the imagery was undoubtedly precognitive, as in the case of a woman in Plymouth who "saw" on October 20, the day before the avalance, the face of a terrified little boy with a long fringe of hair which she recognized on the television screen afterwards.

The Aberfan premonitions were collected by the late Dr J. C. Barker, whose book *Scared to Death*, based on a long correspondence in the *British Medical Journal* deserves more attention than it is given here. It was at his suggestion that a British Premonitions Bureau was set up in 1967 under the aegis of Peter Fairley, now scientific editor of the *TV Times*, where it continues. In 1968 a similar organization, the Central Premonitions Bureau, was established in New York. Mr Greenhouse's brief, breathless sketches of their work make one hope that each may in due course publish a carefully documented account of its findings.

If only the author had taken the trouble to provide verifications as well as statements, *Premonitions* might have been an important volume rather than a tantalizing sniff of what's cooking in this sort of psychical research.

In strangest Ethiopa

JERONIMO LOBO:
Itinerário e outros escritos inéditos
Edited by M. Gonçalves da Costa, C. F. Beckingham and D. M. Lockhart
xxviii plus 832pp, 17 plates. Lisbon/Oporto: Livraria Civilização.

The first book published by Dr Johnson, in 1735, was a translation of the complete text of Joachim Le Grand's *Relation Historique d'Abissinie du R. P. Jerome Lobo* (1728), which was printed in Birmingham but with London on the title-page. This was an abridgement of a Portuguese manuscript not seen again—though another copy appeared for a short time in 1829 but vanished and was not seen again till it was discovered by Father Manoel Gonçalves da Costa in 1947 in the public Library at Braga in Portugal; it is now published in full for the first time. The rather complicated history of this book is one of the most interesting things about it.

The story begins in 1666 when Sir Robert Southwell, FRS, an envoy to the Court of Lisbon, met Lobo and took back with him a series of tracts (which are printed by Father da Costa under the heading "Os manuscritos da Royal Society"). One of these was translated by another Fellow of the Royal Society, Sir Peter Wyche, and published anonymously in 1669 with the title *A short Relation of the River Nile . . . and of other Curiosities*; it included Lobo's *A Discourse of Palm-trees*, also printed by Father da Costa. In 1692 the Abbé Joachim Le Grand came to Lisbon as secretary to the Abbé d'Estrées, and was lent a manuscript of Lobo's "Itinerário" by the Count of Ericeira, Francisco de Meneses. This was the source from which Le Grand made his French version, which was published in 1728 and was till now the only available text of Lobo's book. Then in 1724 the Count of Ericeira presented to the Royal Academy of History in Lisbon a manuscript entitled "Relação diffusa da Ethiopia"; this came from the library of the Count of Vimiero which was destroyed in the great earthquake of 1755, and must have been the one used by Le Grand. Lobo must have written two copies of his work, for there was another in the Jesuit Casa de S Roque in Lisbon (of which he was appointed *vice-prepósito* in 1660). In 1829 one da Costa e Sá presented to the Academy of Sciences of Lisbon an autograph manuscript of Lobo which seems to have been this copy from S Roque. After this no more is heard of it till Father da Costa discovered it at Braga.

Unlike his predecessors among Jesuit writers on Ethiopia—Paez, Almeida, and Barradas, who labelled their works "Historiese"—Lobo (who was in Ethiopia from 1625 to 1634) called his book simply an "Itinerário", or a "Relation of the voyages and travels which I made, the adventures which I had, the lands which I saw, and the curious things which I noted in them". For the topographer, however, Lobo is somewhat disappointing, for he mentions only some thirty-five place-names, whereas Almeida has more than 170, and Alvares more than a hundred, though five of his names (including Gondar and Gish) do not appear in Almeida. But while it does not possess the same kind of historical value as the works of the other three, Lobo's book has its own value as well as being complementary to them; in the words of Father da Costa, it is "neither a history of Ethiopia nor a history of the Jesuit mission, but rather a more or less chronological account of curious and strange things written for European readers by a perspicacious and objective observer". He is, in … cerned with telling his … theological controversy … ary work, but sets out … country scarcely known … name to most Europeans —the people, their customs … of life, religion, and … course he did not know … wrote his book that it … published until it was … French fifty years after … Any comparison with … Ethiopia by Portuguese … made rather with The … *of the Indies*, by Alvares … fifty-five years before L…

In addition to the main … *Itinerário*, which occupies … to 659 (about half of the … ing directly to Ethiopia … treatises written by Lobo … cluded. Among these are … scripts belonging to … Society and translated by … Wyche, on the River … Palm-trees; three ma… the library of the Duke … on Maçua (Massawa), … graphy of João de Castro … above Egypt, and on the … rent, increase, and floods … a manuscript from the … Ajuda on various cu… worth knowing; and … pondence between Lobo … Oldenburgh, Secretary of … Society.

The edition of Lobo … Father da Costa is a … scholarship, with a de… duction and a careful … manuscripts with a full … criticus. The footnotes … always informative, and … editors, Father da Costa … good deal of trouble w… people and places. The … produced, with some go… plates. The Portuguese … followed by an English … lished by the Hakluyt So…

The sparks that started a fire

GORDON THOMAS and MAX MORGAN-WITTS:
The Strange Fate of the Morro Castle
…2pp. Collins. £3.

In the early morning of September 8, 1934, the Morro Castle, a luxury cruise liner returning from Havana with 316 passengers and 230 officers and crew, caught fire a few hours out of New York harbour. The fire spread at a speed incredible in a craft designed and equipped with modern devices for detecting and extinguishing it. Though the nearest ship was within ten miles no SOS was sent for thirty-five minutes. By then, the fire was out of control and the crew, inept in fire-fighting and lifeboat drill, displayed what abilities they possessed in saving the lives not of the passengers but of themselves.

The Ward Line, after paying out $90,000 compensation to survivors and relatives of the dead, collected $200,000 insurance on the ship and sold the wreck as scrap iron for $33,605. The Acting Captain, William Warms, was sentenced to two years' and the Chief Engineer, Eban Abbott, to four years' imprisonment for wilful negligence. The Ward Line vice-president, Henry E. Cabaud, was fined $5,000 and given one year's suspended sentence.

In April 1937 the United States Circuit Court of Appeals set aside the conviction of Warms and Abbott; and the loss of the Morro Castle, as sensational as that of the Titanic and the Lusitania, passed from legal scrutiny into the realms of rumour and speculation.

Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan-Witts, specialists in the reconstruction of disaster, have spent some three years examining "2.8 million words of newspaper stories, magazine articles, technical journals, official reports, and books", and tracking down American, British, European and Cuban participants in the drama. The result is a fascinating story, which cannot be proven in any legal sense but which appears to be plausible. It certainly comes closer to the truth than the inquiry of the Hoover Board, which was under pressure from the Ward Line to minimize damage to its interests.

At the time of the disaster, if any one person was celebrated as a hero it was the chief radio officer, George White Rogers, who with the acting captain and a few others refused to abandon ship and found time, while offering a host of more or less helpful suggestions, to rescue the boatswain's caged canary from a blazing hold. Before the disaster Rogers had been under notice of dismissal from the Radiomarine Corporation of America (which provided radio officers to all American ships). His "heroism" secured the withdrawal of his notice and a week's appearance at the Rialto Theatre (for $1,000, split fifty/fifty with his theatrical agent). In his home town of Bayonne, he was given a civic reception, which was marred only by Police Officer Vincent Doyle's refusal to credit his description of the fire. Doyle had himself been a ship's radio operator, and he challenged Rogers's statement that he continued operating till the solder in the terminals of the panel of his transmitter melted.

By a curious chance, Rogers obtained a job in the Bayonne police force in June 1936 as assistant to Doyle in the radio department. Doyle gradually developed suspicions that Rogers himself had set fire to the Morro Castle. He noted in his diary "George knows that I know he set fire to the Morro Castle". On the day that George White Rogers revealed that the fire had been caused by an incendiary fountain pen placed in a locker of the writing room, he gave Doyle a fish-tank heater, with instructions to "install the switch in the line cord and see if the unit will work. It should get slightly warm." Doyle tested the heater:

> The resulting explosion broke windows in the workshop, and shook the main police headquarters building over two hundred feet away.
>
> It was a miracle that Doyle escaped death. His left hand, left leg, and right foot were smashed. His left eardrum was fractured. He was rushed to Bayonne Hospital, where he underwent an emergency operation.
>
> The next day Rogers visited Vincent Doyle in hospital, and asked through his tears: "How can I get the guy who did this to you?" Two weeks later Rogers was charged with the attempted murder of Vincent Doyle.

The police built up a dossier on Rogers's criminal career but this was suppressed for fear of confusing an open and shut case of attempted murder. In December 1938 Rogers was sentenced to serve from twelve to twenty years in the State Prison at Trenton. But on November 24, 1942, he was given parole to "join the armed services", and it was not till 1953 that he was arrested once more, this time for battering to death an old man, who had lent him money, and his daughter.

The authors, having had access to the confidential files on Rogers, present a convincing case that he was a psychotic suffering from a pituitary disorder which stunted his sexual development and produced a physical grossness setting him apart from his fellows even more distantly in his fantasies than it need have done in fact, and that he had the means, occasion and motive for destroying the Morro Castle. Yet he would not have succeeded without a number of other factors over which he had no control. The Morro Castle, plying between New York City and Havana on cheap luxury cruises, carried cargoes of arms and ammunition for Machado and his successor Batista, the anti-communist pro-American puppet dictators. The Cuban Communist Party was active in trying to sabotage this traffic and the imagination of Captain Wilmott of the Morro Castle was even more active in attributing anything that went wrong to communist subversion.

There were, in fact, other causes of trouble. The Ward Line underpaid and overworked its officers and men. The rapid turn-around at New York gave them no respite between one cruise and the next. Food and conditions were abominable. The quality of seamen and stewards was low, and dismissals for drunkenness, incompetence and insubordination were frequent. It was an unhappy ship, with Wilmott convinced that someone was trying to poison him and a deadly rivalry subsisting between the First Officer Warms and the Chief Engineer Abbott. The profits of the Ward Line and the comfort of the cut-price luxury passengers overruled considerations of safety. Fire doors were not equipped with sirens or bells. During a fire drill—when there was one—the crew never handled more than two hoses, one forward and one aft. Most of the crew had no training with hoses. The fire-screen doors were never closed during fire drill. Many of the air ducts did not function; they had been painted over. Four of the lifeboats were useless because of their position. The plugs in the lifeboats were not chained or fastened to the lifeboat itself. All the Jacob's-ladders on the port side had been thrown into the lifeboats and heavily coated with paint; the shackles were useless. What was even more serious, the ship's Lyle gun (for throwing lines) had been stowed with its 25lb drum of explosive in the false roof of the writing room (which like other public rooms was not equipped with fire sprinklers or smoke alarms). The smoke alarm system was switched off on the voyage to New York because it might have conveyed to passenger quarters the stench of a cargo of skins which had been taken on in Havana.

In its breaches of safety precautions, the Morro Castle was perhaps no more flagrant than many ships of that time. But no others were exposed to the attack of a pyromaniac whose cunning was as clever as his motivation was insane.

For his self-protection Rogers needed a stalking-horse; and he found one in George Alagna, his first assistant radio officer, an ambitious and embittered young man of twenty-two, whom Rogers encouraged to stage an abortive strike in the month before the fateful cruise. As a result of this strike, Alagna was regarded by Captain Wilmott as the leader of communist subversion; and on this voyage, his motive for revenge was sharpened by his receiving notice from the Radiomarine Corporation that he was to be relieved of his post on reaching New York. By pointing suspicion towards Alagna, Rogers drew it away from himself.

Rogers would probably not have got away with his plan (which was to cause a fire in the writing room which would explode the drum of explosive hidden in the false ceilings) had it not been for the death of Captain Wilmott. Since the body of Captain Wilmott was never submitted to autopsy we shall never know whether he died, as the ship's doctor summarily diagnosed, of indigestion and heart failure or whether he really was poisoned. Since an earlier attempt had been made to poison Wilmott (in July, soon after Rogers joined the ship), there is a probability that his food was poisoned by Rogers, who had made a habit of visiting the galley to fetch himself coffee rather than having it brought to him by a steward.

At any rate First Officer Warms took over command a few hours before smoke was detected on the Morro Castle; and his assumption of command threw Chief Engineer Eban Abbott, his rival and enemy, so completely off balance that he totally failed in his duty throughout the crisis of the fire. As Acting Captain, Warms was energetic and brave, but guilty of a number of errors, the chief of which were failure to restore the fire-alarm system and to send out an SOS, perhaps out of fear of incurring the wrath of his employers.

The Strange Fate of the Morro Castle is for the most part an inglorious story of greed, incompetence, pettiness and cowardice. But some figures emerge in a genuinely heroic light: Father Egan, a Catholic priest who as a tourist did not put on his clerical collar until the last night of the voyage, rescued the living and shrove the dying; and chief stewardess Lena Schwartz, after risking her life for others on board the doomed ship, fiercely told the officer who rescued her and suggested she should rest instead of tending survivors, "I still have a job to do".

Seeing things?

ANDREW MACKENZIE:
A Gallery of Ghosts
An Anthology of Reported Experience
160pp. Arthur Barker. £1.85.

In form this is an admirable collection of ghost stories, drawn in the main from autobiographies and reminiscences, with the notable exception of three poltergeist cases. These occurred in 1883, 1900, and 1960 respectively, and were methodically investigated and recorded on the spot, the last by a schoolmistress, a minister, and three physicians, all interviewed shortly afterwards by a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In fact the volume is a good deal more than a series of items. With characteristic care and accuracy Andrew MacKenzie groups together what seem to be similar occurrences—ghosts reflected in a mirror, for instance, as "seen" by Pamela Frankau, Lupino Lane and several others—and quotes verbatim from original sources, retaining in this way the intensely personal quality of each experience. Thus John Masters's short vigorous sentences, the Celtic Twilight prose of Æ, Osbert Sitwell's elegant baroque style and all the rest convey vividly the individual consciousness in whose context the apparition was perceived.

Mr MacKenzie then discusses the likeness and unlikeness of the various episodes, looks at the possibility of natural explanations—mistfigures, underground tremors, even local legends—and lightly indicates where these do not seem to be adequate. The result is fascinating on two levels, that of narrative and that of critical appraisal. The stories ring true, precisely because there is no logic about them. They have the inconsequence, the apparent irrationality, that distinguishes such happenings from the purposeful tidiness of the constructed ghost tale, from folk-lore with its recognizable motifs, and from the blood-thunder-and-skeleton pattern to be seen recurring from the gothick novel to the flesh-creeping "psychic" fiction of our own time.

Mr MacKenzie's foreword tells us something of his own point of view. His tentative but stimulating comments on the cases themselves reveal a little more: acceptance of the experiences as genuine and sane, caution about how they should be interpreted, rejection of all-or-nothing hypotheses, like Margaret Murray's argument that apparitions are analogous to "a form of photograph" on the combined "constituents of the air", commoner in moist climates than in dry ones and liable to emerge "just before an electrical storm". In this particular connexion he produces evidence that apparitions are just as often observed in dry climates, notably those of the Middle East. It might perhaps be added that the tense atmosphere preceding a thunderstorm may well have a psychosomatic effect and enable extrasensory impressions to rise more freely than usual from the unconscious to the conscious level of awareness.

The book is prefaced by a lucid and rewarding dialogue with Rosalind Heywood, from whose collection some of the cases come. It draws a clear distinction between "aimless ghosts" (such as Dr Murray probably had in mind) and "ghosts with intention" who seem to make themselves felt either in a quasi-sensory way or through a sense of "presence", with some definite purpose in view. Mrs Heywood suggests, with the late Sir Cyril Burt, that what look like paranormal experiences should be both treated and studied as "widespread natural psychological phenomena" which a percipient should be able to report with no more fear of being labelled mad than he would feel if he reported the presence of "a fox in a suburban garden".

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Ambulant abolitionists

ANNE BAKER:
Morning Star
Florence Baker's diary of the expedition to put down the slave trade on the Nile 1870-1873.
240pp. William Kimber. £3.50.

Often, even today, the Black or White boss of some concern in the Great Lakes area of the Upper Nile wonders whether his orders will be carried out once his back is turned. "What will they be when we leave?", wrote Florence, Lady Baker—the "Morning Star" of the title—from a grassy paradise of a fort in Equatoria after some terrible ordeals farther south in what is now Uganda. She might well ask. For her husband, Sir Samuel Baker, had been given by the Khedive of Egypt an assignment that not even his experience, languages and herculean frame could fulfil. This was the elimination of the Nile slave trade, and the erection of a chain of forts to hold it at bay. For years after his expedition, it remained the scourge of Central Africa because Arab merchant princes could not finance their trade in ivory without it, because the river officials were underpaid and took bribes, and because no one knew what to do with slaves if they were liberated far from home. "The man seemed quite pleased with the idea that he is free", wrote Florence, but what was he to do next unless the Bakers added his hungry mouth to their underfed cavalcade?

Lady Baker, a Hungarian by birth, went twice to Central Africa with her Sam. The first time he was a freelance and a mighty hunter, exercising the qualities that hunting tribes most admired and still remember. On the second journey described in this book he had duties to carry out, and, for the job, only the riff-raff soldiery that the Egyptians were wont to employ in the detested south. Most served there as a punishment, and her diary is full of their disappointing defections.

But Lady Baker, serene, resourceful and immensely brave, sees some virtue in all but the worst of them. Her diary, recently found in the bottom of a trunk, is well worth reading whether as a cure for those who think that the good old days were best, or as a treat for those who like reading how tough and resilient an elegant woman can be if she is with a husband who in her eyes can do no wrong. Buoyed up because Sam thinks her marvellous, she walks scores of miles through pestilential, grassy marshland, hungry, soaked and hung with ammunition "and other little things", while "showers of spears passed our faces". Yet at other moments she is ordering gloves and stays from a step-daughter in England, and ends up serenely making, and ironing, dresses in which to reappear in a world that has for nearly two years thought the Bakers dead. She emerges from her diary as a sensitive, agreeable woman and a tower of strength to both Europeans and Africans, whatever her surroundings.

Samuel Baker is one of the most robust travellers in Victorian history, and Florence probably the hardiest wife. They deserve a more full-blooded commentary than Anne Baker gives them; she tends to interleave the extracts from their writings with remarks that are often redundant and sometimes trite ("We do not hear of Margaret's finicky reactions to this meal"; or "We feel that this is, as usual, Florence's understatement!"). She is a great-great-granddaughter-in-law, and would have made her book worthier of an undaunted pair had she abandoned filial piety and explained that Baker's mission, though applauded at the time out of relief that he and his wife were safe, was a sad failure. It failed not only to curb the slave-trade—an impossible feat—but because European standards of right and wrong were so much gibberish to Central Africans. As a Christian in Muslim employ, Sir Samuel was doubly odious to all slavers and most officials, and, though he planted the Egyptian flag on the borders of Uganda, he exercised no control there except at the moment of his passing … line of march. That … could hope to do the K… was proved when his … Gordon, had to set up … enemy, the slave deale… as governor of Gond… Muslim slavers held … and it would have been … Baker blood to say so.

Imperia…

JOHN MARLOWE:
Cecil Rhodes
304pp. Elek. £5.

By the time Rhodes died … the early age of forty … amassed a fortune and … forces that influence so… to this day. He has not … graphers but none of th… ing Felix Gross who is … this book) has succeeded … the right balance betwe… lity and politics which th… vites.

A fresh evaluation … strange career is due … John Marlowe could hard… have provided it, for he … offer a well-written narr… ing familiar ground. K… does the racial conflicts o… East, he might have … Rhodes's readiness to … Afrikaners (why are they … Boers"?) with his failure … to those who tried to make … of the neglected interests … cans. In relation to Rh… country Rhodes was pro… named after him, the … taken little or no account … lent historical research … recent years. To have d… origins and development … tinuing situation south … best would have increased … of a study that arouses … it does not satisfy.

Books received

Angling

SPENCER, SIDNEY. *Ways of Fishing.* Trout, Seatrout and Salmon. 223pp plus 8 plates. H. F. and G. Witherby. £2.50.

In this introductory note, Eric Linklater writes that what primarily "…uckles" Sidney Spencer in affection is his knowledge of the pleasure to be derived from boat-fishing on loch or lough, and thereby challenges impossible sneers at those who fish down-wind from "a drifting platform". Mr Spencer also dares to support clear-water worm fishing for trout, but even the most diehard purist should enjoy this well-produced book with its numerous photographs in colour. A useful reminder to lake-fishers is that currents are by no means confined to rivers, and a lake can have a big effect on the fishing. An unusual chapter is on the judging, handling, packing and storage of fish. The author's epilogue "On Being a Fisherman" should endear him to all anglers.

Aviation

BROWN, DAVID. *Carrier Air Groups.* Volume 1: HMS Eagle. 84pp. Windsor: Hylton Lacy. £2.75.

The first aircraft carrier Eagle served from 1920 to 1942; the second began her service in 1952. A number of Fleet Air Arm squadrons operated from these ships with a variety of aircraft. Now that carriers in the old sense are going out of use in the Royal Navy, a volume of this kind will receive a nostalgic welcome from many who served in them. David Brown has faithfully collected the particulars of the units, of their equipment and of those who belonged to them, together with details of the work they did in the changing circumstances. The book includes many good illustrations.

HUDSON, KENNETH. *Air Travel.* A Social History. 174pp including 92 illustrations. Bath: Adams and Dart. £4.25.

Those who travelled on the airlines before the Second World War were usually few enough to be given princely treatment. As air transport was made available to a bigger public, some of the amenities were trimmed and particularly the tradition of luxury and first-class service. The impression left by this survey is that progress had to be paid for and the passenger did the paying not in money but in another sacrifice of gracious living. Kenneth Hudson's book, backed by many good pictures, shows how great the changes have been in commercial air transport over a fifty-year period and what a boon the aeroplane has been, particularly in lands where surface communications were poor, like Australia, Africa and Russia.

Biography

ASHLEY, MAURICE. *Oliver Cromwell and His World.* 128pp. Thames and Hudson. £1.95.

Text and pictures are equally balanced in this biography. Maurice Ashley's account of the Protector's life and achievements is as detailed as his limited space allows, but the book, like others of its kind, depends for its appeal largely on its illustrations. There are more than one hundred, consisting for the most part of reproductions of contemporary prints and portraits in the national collections.

CLARKE WILSON, DOROTHY. *Hilary.* The Brave World of Hilary Pole. 256pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.

At the age of twenty, a few weeks after she had qualified as a teacher of physical education, Hilary Pole developed myasthenia, a rare disease which prevents the motor nerves from transmitting impulses. Though brain and muscles were unimpaired, she was deprived of speech and sight (because she could not open her eyes), breathed with the aid of a respirator and retained only one-sixteenth of an inch movement in her big toe. Dorothy Clarke Wilson describes how, with the aid of an extremely sensitive micro-switch, that tiny movement was used to operate the "Possum" environmental control unit, which enabled her once more to communicate with the world. The mechanics are incredibly ingenious and Hilary's present activities in aid of other disabled people, which include keeping up a large correspondence on an electric typewriter, make a brave tale. The true miracle remains that her personality, forceful and pungent, survived intact the years when her only means of communication was a laborious system of spelling out words which involved an interlocutor going through the alphabet until a flick of the toe signalled that the right letter had been reached.

LORD TAYLOR OF MANSFIELD. *Uphill all the Way.* A Miner's Struggle. 200pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £3.

The story of a Nottinghamshire miner who became an MP and finally a Life Peer, this autobiography is distinguished by an account of the long struggle by active members of the Miners' Federation against the breakaway "Spencer" union, supported by the coal-owners, which was formed after the General Strike of 1926. The author was refused work in the pits for more than ten years. Harold Wilson writes an enthusiastic foreword.

Classics

THUCYDIDES. *History of the Peloponnesian War.* Translated by Rex Warner with an introduction and notes by M. I. Finley. 648pp. Penguin, Paperback, 70p.

This translation, originally published in 1954, has been revised and enriched by the addition of M. I. Finley's introduction and appendixes. His critical assessment of Thucydides as an historian explains the very different judgments of ancient and modern readers, and he points out that the big scenes and main ideas are persuasive because they are embedded in a narrative of painstaking accuracy and detail. "The combination Thucydides discovered survives because it is particular and universal at the same time, and because it is in the last analysis a moralist's work."

Education

ARCHARD, MERRY. *Kids, Bloody Kids.* A Parent's Guide to Children. 195pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.25 (paperback, £1.75).

Like Dr Spock, Merry Archard is very comforting to parents. Do you smack? Do you shout? Do you feel like throwing them out of the window? Nothing matters so long as you don't worry about it, is her calming philosophy. She is often funny and usually sensible, even if her slightly breathless style reads better in the columns of the evening paper in which she first aired many of the topics of this book.

Local History

FIELDHOUSE, JOSEPH. *Bradford.* 192pp. Longman. £1.75.

A straightforward history of this Yorkshire city, written by the headmaster of one of its schools and tracing the story of Bradford from its obscure rural beginnings through the period of great industrial expansion down to the present century.

MAKEPEACH, CHRIS. *Manchester As It Was.* Volume 1. 44pp. Nelson, Lancs: Hendon Publishing. Paperback, 90p.

The first of three projected books recording Victorian Manchester in photographs takes the reader on a circuitous stroll through the city, about 1890 to 1900, from Victoria to London Road stations. On his way along paved or cobbled streets, the reader passes black-and-white pubs, a penny-farthing in Deansgate, bowlers and straw hats in Piccadilly, and horse-drawn trams everywhere. He will also pass many nineteenth-century buildings of character no longer standing, for the ideal of Manchester developers of the 1960s was to make all city centres look alike.

Natural History

DOMALAIN, JEAN-YVES. *Panjamon.* Translated by Len Ortzen. 179pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. £1.95.

Studying animal behaviour is the author's profession and the handling of vipers his forte. He encounters plenty of action with Sarawak's animals, reptiles and insects. The main theme is the survival of tribes in the extreme heat and the general hostility of their natural surroundings, with the hunting of animals and the searching for insects as food. Although Jean-Yves Domalain points out that he is no ethnologist, the book's value lies in the detailed account of the manners of tribes in which he immersed himself to the extent of being tattooed, and almost fully assimilated into their society, until the fascination turned under repeated ordeal into distaste. He elected to flee from the heart of the jungle after a rare gamut of experiences. Despite vagueness about time spent and areas lived in, a shortage of illustrations, a *Wide World* ambience and shadows of doubt about the constancy of authenticity, *Panjamon* is vigorous and disturbing.

Navigation

MEDINA, PEDRO DE. *A Navigator's Universe.* The "Libro de cosmographia" of 1538. Translated by Ursula Lamb. 224pp. University of Chicago Press. £8.35.

The interest and importance of Pedro de Medina and his navigational, mathematical and cosmographical works have been stressed by several authorities on the history of navigation, including D. W. Waters in his classic *The Art of Navigation in England in Elizabethan and early Stuart Times* (1958). This edition of the manuscript *Libro de Cosmographia*, written in dialogue form and acquired by the Bodleian Library from a Venetian Jesuit in 1817, is welcome. It comprises a facsimile of

the original text, annotated English translation, and a most satisfying introduction. As Ursula Lamb states, Medina's cosmographic work shows the stimulation which scientific thought derived from geographical discoveries on the one hand, and the gap between nautical theory and practice on the other.

RIDLER, DONALD. *Erik the Red*. The Atlantic alone in a home-made boat. 208pp. William Kimber. £2.90.

The author built a boat in the garden of his father's Dorset rectory and sailed her to Bermuda and back, a feat attended by less publicity than some others have enjoyed. Here he tells the whole impressive story — carpentry, provisioning, navigation, mistakes, weather and Viking spirit.

Philosophy

STANILAND, HILARY. *Universals*. 141pp. Macmillan. Paperback, 80p.

Universals has been selected as an Open University set book and Hilary Staniland makes a neat job of surveying one of the major continents of philosophy. Yet the group to whom, from an historical angle, the author patiently introduces the subject will be left labouring far behind when the gradient becomes much steeper in the later chapters. The problem of universals is a fine example of how a short and apparently simple question—what is a property: what is roundness, for example, or redness?—can prove to be very devious when it comes to demanding a plain answer. The author shows us by what stages the problem has been transformed into its present elaborate guises. It would be an exaggeration to say that the sophisticated contributions of modern philosophers like Quine, Carnap, Strawson and Wittgenstein, whose relevant theories are sketched here, have advanced us no nearer to a solution. But, as is typical, the advance largely has been towards exposing the naivety of the original question. Miss Staniland's presentation is far from stodgy: she summarizes a position quickly, clearly and convincingly, and then cracks down on it with a battery of embarrassing questions. There is a useful index, bibliography and, apart from the omission of Frege's important groundwork in the area dealt with in chapter six, a thorough "suggestions for further reading" section.

Railways

HIGSON, M. F. *London Midland Fireman*. 144pp. Ian Allan. £2.50.

Anybody, who has made a trip on the footplate of a steam locomotive knows something of the physical effort required of the fireman who delivers on average of eight shovelfuls of coal to the fire-box every two minutes. Such a traveller is unlikely to know about the discomforts of a fireman's job in blizzards, or when rackety old types of engines fling him from side to side and cause bruises and burns, or when frost turns the coal into a solid mass and makes the leather trunk of the watering pump into a rigid column that has to be beaten into a pliable state before it can be introduced to the tank and then probably deluges the operator. M. F. Higson met all such trials and describes them without over-emphasis. He also met all the various steam engines of LMS as well as some others and is almost lyrical about the sensation of power and speed of such as the Royal Scot and Duchess types. He deals familiarly with the rest, quoting the numbers of those engines of which he defines the characteristics. His book is dedicated to nine of his favourites and will delight the devotees of steam.

REDER, GUSTAV. *Clockwork, Steam and Electric*. A History of Model Railways. Translated by C. Hamilton Ellis. 216pp. Ian Allan. £4.50.

A detailed, affectionately written account of an enduring hobby from the days of the "dribblers" (they used real steam but made puddles) which ran free on the nursery or sitting room floor, to the meticulously constructed clockwork and electric systems which performed on track, fixed or movable. The book is skilfully and wittily translated, and in addition to giving a mass of information is an emotional experience (particularly the nearly 500 illustrations) to anyone who ever owned a Bing, a Trix, a Hornby, or the Rolls-Royce of the fancy, a Bassett-Lowke.

Social History

CHADWICK, OWEN. *The Victorian Church*. Part Two. Second Edition. 510pp. Adam and Charles Black. £4.75.

Part One of Professor Chadwick's masterly history of the Victorian Church has already appeared in a second edition. Now comes Part Two, changed not at all from the first edition except for minor revisions and addenda. The book is a necessity to the student and a pleasure to the general reader; it is good to know that the whole of it is now back in print.

HEZLET, ARTHUR. *The 'B' Specials*. A history of the Ulster Special Constabulary. 246pp. Tom Stacey. £2.75.

Sir Arthur Hezlet intends his account to interest former members of the Ulster Special Constabulary and to be "a genuine contribution to history". He does not analyse the sources of rebellion and sectarian conflict, but describes "loyal Ulstermen" defending their heritage against IRA "murder gangs", from the founding of the force in 1920 to its dissolution in 1970. In that framework his story is clearly told, surveying ... and supply as well as ... ground and local activity ... of incidents in 1940-41 ... is particularly valuable ... periods are usually ... last chapter is controversial ... ral Hezlet maintains that ... unfounded criticism, ... lieved, led to the ... banding of the Force.

VANGGAARD, THORKIL. ... Symbol and its History ... World. Translated by ... 208pp plus 28 illustrations. £2.95.

Baboons, cod-pieces, ... sagas, Lawrence of Arabia ... cism, the Wolfenden ... death of Van Aschenbach ... confusion, eventual ... This is not so much the ... a symbol, of phallic ... objects that represent ... death, as an historical ... attitudes to male ... from the ancient ... present day. The author ... psychiatrist, makes ... if rather exaggerated ... natural and universal ... sexual "radical" which ... driven underground by the ... of Judaic and Christian ... authority, for whom it was ... with heresy. Today, he ... are self-consciously ... complete inversion but ... of simple male-to-male ...

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LIBRARIANS

BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC SCIENCE [illegible]

BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC SCIENCE [illegible]

BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC SCIENCE [illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET [illegible]

BEDFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE [illegible]

COMMONWEALTH LIBRARY ASSOCIATION [illegible]

CIVIC TRUST
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (FEMALE). Chartered Librarian or Part II completed, required from April in small special ... [illegible]

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY [illegible]

DERBYSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE [illegible]

DONCASTER PUBLIC LIBRARIES [illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF EALING [illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUNSLOW [illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF HILLINGDON [illegible]

ASLIB PROFESSIONAL APPOINTMENTS REGISTER

The Aslib Professional Appointments Register specialises in placing suitable candidates in special libraries and information bureaux.

No fees are charged to candidates.

For details, please ring Mrs. Gittoes 01-235 5050, ext. 20, or write to 3 Belgrave Square, London, SW1X 8PL.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUNSLOW
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
LIBRARIAN, full-time, required at Longford School, Tachbrook Road, Feltham, to be responsible for the library in this Comprehensive school.
Salary on Grade AP.2, £1,635 to £1,908. If Chartered AP.3, £1,908 to £2,205.
Application forms from Director of Education, 88 Lampton Road, Hounslow, Middlesex. Closing date: 26th January, 1973. Tel. 01-570 7?2. Ext. 537.

LONDON BOROUGH OF LAMBETH
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN [illegible]

CITY OF LONDON POLYTECHNIC [illegible]

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN [illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUNSLOW [illegible]

SELLY OAK COLLEGES LIBRARY, BIRMINGHAM [illegible]

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
SPECIALIST in BIBLICAL HEBREW and RABBINICS required for post of Assistant Under-Librarian to be responsible for the Taylor-Schechter collection of Genizah fragments. Some teaching of Rabbinics also required. (Salary scale £2,397 to £3,310).
TWO POSTS of ASSISTANT LIBRARY OFFICER (salary scale £1,764 to £2,556). [illegible]

RHODES UNIVERSITY [illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND [illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY [illegible]

PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC

Applications are invited for the post of

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

Salary scale: £3,421 to £3,829

The Polytechnic Library has entered a period of development: book fund, accommodation and staff trebled within one year. New procedures are designed and new services implemented. The first ... 5,000 sq. metres, of the Learning Resources Centre ... to commence building in mid-1973. The new post of ... Librarian has been established, with effect from ... 1973, to provide vital assistance to the Librarian. The ... task will be internal library administration but opp... will be given to assist in forward planning. This respo... post offers challenge and scope for suitably ... graduates with appropriate experience.

Further details and application forms from The C... the Governors, Plymouth Polytechnic, Plymouth, PL... to whom applications should be returned not later ... 31st January, 1973.

COMHAIRLE CHONTAE ATHA CLIATH
(Dublin County Council)

LIBRARIANS GRADE ...

Applications are invited for the above appointment from persons who hold the Diploma in Library Training or the Fellowship of the Library Association of Ireland and who have a minimum of five years experience in a Library service.

SALARY: £1,919 by 60 to £1,979 by 61 to £2,... per annum (under review).

Application forms and full particulars are obtainable at Room 9, 11 Parnell Square, Dublin, 1.

Latest time for receipt of completed application forms is 5.00 p.m. on 22nd January, 1973.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
WARBURG INSTITUTE
JUNIOR RESEARCH FELLOWSHIPS
APPLICATIONS are invited from university graduates for two Junior Research Fellowships tenable at the Institute for two years from 1st October, 1973, each at £650 per annum ... [illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA [illegible]

VACANT APPOINTMENTS

SENIOR CATALOGUER ... [illegible]

ILEA [illegible]

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT [illegible]

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Information Officer

The Dickinson Robinson Group, a large packaging organisation based in Bristol has a vacancy for an Information Officer to assist in providing technical and marketing information.

The Information Officer would be based in the central library, but would spend part of his/her time at the Research and Development Centre, maintaining a small library there.

Applicants should have some experience of answering technical or commercial enquiries and must be able to organise information files. A basic qualification in marketing, librarianship or information work would be an advantage.

Please telephone or write for an application form to:—

Mrs. K. L. Painter, Personnel Officer,
The Dickinson Robinson Group,
1 Redcliffe Street, Bristol BS99 7QY
Telephone Bristol 294294

(DRG) A Dickinson Robinson Group Company

LINGUIST

required by the

NETHERLANDS MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, THE HAGUE

to translate texts on a wide variety of subjects into English and to edit English texts. Applicants should have been brought up in an English-speaking country, have studied languages at university level and have experience of editorial work and translation. The ability to read Dutch is essential.

Salary rising from £3,322 approx. to £5,025 p.a. Holiday allowance 7 per cent of annual salary. Starting salary will depend on qualifications, age and experience.

Pension geared to cost of living.

Applications, stating age, full particulars of education, qualifications, experience and posts held, should be sent preferably within three weeks to the

Rijks Psychologische Dienst,
Prins Mauritslaan 1,
's-Gravenhage.

Please quote No. 2-5764/2597 in top left-hand corner of letter and envelope.

THE BRITISH COUNCIL

Librarians

A vacancy exists for a librarian, Grade E, London based, to undertake responsibility for the British Council's printed word activities in Scandinavia. There are also vacancies for librarians (Grade F) in Council offices in Iran, Iraq, and several other countries. The Council works in 80 countries in the fields of cultural, educational and scientific interchange.

LIBRARIAN SCANDINAVIA

The holder of this post, based in London, will be required to make frequent visits to Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland; it is expected that at least half his time will be spent overseas. Duties include the supervision of Council libraries, the establishment of professional contacts and interchange in the library and books field and the promotion of British information services, inter-lending schemes, etc. Appointment will be on a 2-year contract.

OVERSEAS LIBRARIANS

The duties of overseas librarians include supervision of the Council's libraries, the expansion and development of book and information services; close liaison with the library world and the local book trade. The work is interesting, varied and challenging. Staff must be willing to accept responsibility and be capable of exploiting opportunities in the library field. Appointment to these posts may be on career or contract basis. A career with the British Council, though based in Britain, will normally be spent largely overseas.

QUALIFICATIONS

Grade E. Applicants should be graduates of British universities with FLA and substantial library experience. Grade F. Applicants preferably with substantial British library experience, should be either graduates with ALA or FLA or non-graduates with FLA.

SALARY AND ALLOWANCES

Librarian Scandinavia: Grade E salary scale £3,144-£3,813 plus travel expenses and allowances for visits to Scandinavia.
Other posts: Grade F salary scale £2,476-£2,984 plus overseas allowances, free furnished accommodation, paid passages for family and allowances for children's education.

SELECTION

Selection will be by interviews and Board in London. Closing date for applications, 9th February.

Write for further particulars and application form, quoting L/4/C8, to Staff Recruitment Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London W1Y 2AA.

Borough of BEDFORD

Branch Librarian

£1,803 to £2,661
(Commencing point negotiable)

To be in charge of a modern branch library in a most pleasant part of the town and serving a rapidly developing residential area. To be responsible also for 2 Mobile Libraries, based at this branch. Candidates must be appropriately qualified, preference being given to Chartered Librarians.

For a married officer, municipal accommodation will be made available, together with full reimbursement of removal costs and generous assistance with legal expenses.

Application forms and further details available from Mr. B. Bateman, Staffing Manager, Town Hall, Bedford (Telephone: 0234 67422, ext. 203 or 279 or 0234 52492 if after office hours).

Closing date Friday, 26th January.

Librarian

Foster Wheeler Limited, an international engineering and process plant contractor to the oil and chemical industries, requires a librarian/information officer.

Duties include running a small highly specialised library, maintaining collections of standard specifications, servicing Departmental information files, provision of current awareness services, advice to other departments on related matters, e.g. microfilming, company records.
A professional qualification in Library or information science, though possibly recently acquired, is essential. A degree and/or experience of library or information work in engineering, petroleum, chemicals or process plants industries would be advantageous. The Company is looking for a person with initiative, an ability to work without close supervision, and appreciation of the function of an information and library service in a commercial organisation. Salary will be commensurate with experience and qualifications.

Please write or telephone for an application form to: Miss A. Creswell, Personnel Department, Foster Wheeler Limited, Foster Wheeler House, P.O. Box 62, Chapel Street, London NW1 5DS, or telephone 01-723 1221 extension 404/697.

AIRCRAFT RESEARCH ASSOCIATION LIMITED

LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with experience of technical libraries for the post of Librarian.
The successful applicant will be responsible for all library and information services to the Association including the indexing of data for a computer-produced KWOC Index to an extensive collection of report literature.
Five-day week, pension scheme, and assistance with housing and removal expenses.
Applications in writing to Chief Executive, Aircraft Research Association Limited, Manton Lane, Bedford.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

...erally graduate, male or ...le, with experience in edi...al production, outstanding ... skills, some knowledge of ... management required ... established consulting organi...tion. Remuneration £2,000 to ...00 p.a. depending on qualifications, plus fringe benefits. Please reply with detailed curriculum vitae to Miss R. Towner, McKinsey & Company, Inc., 74 St. James's St., London SW1A 1PS.

CHETHAM'S LIBRARY, MANCHESTER, M3 1SB

Applications are invited for the post of

LIBRARIAN

[illegible]

Librarian/ Information Officer

required by Consulting Engineers. This post would suit a person qualified in Library/Information work with experience of running a technical library. The well established library serves a staff of over 300 and the successful applicant would be expected to answer technical inquiries, produce bibliographies and bulletins, liaise with staff and offices overseas and be involved in literature searching. Commencing salary will be dependent upon qualifications and experience. Membership of Contributory Pension and free ... [illegible]

Librarians

in Government Departments

There are vacancies in the following Government departments for candidates with professional qualifications and some practical experience. Those expecting to obtain professional qualifications by February, 1973, will be considered.

DEPARTMENT OF THE ENVIRONMENT
Directorate of Scottish Services, Edinburgh

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND SOCIAL SECURITY
Branch Library, London, NW1

Salary: £1,339 to £2,325 (London); £1,164 to £2,150 (Edinburgh). Starting salary may be above the minimum. Non-contributory pension scheme. Promotion prospects.

For full details and an application form (to be returned by 31 January, 1973) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants, RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke 29222, ext. 500, or London 01-839 1992 (24-hour answering service), quoting G(1)624/1.

EDINBURGH CORPORATION
TELFORD COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION
Crewe Toll, Edinburgh, EH4 2NZ

TUTOR-LIBRARIAN

(Post Ref. No. 22/OE/TLS)

[illegible]

EXHIBITIONS

ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS

An Exhibition of rare and important illustrated books on Natural History including samples of the work of

JOHN GOULD
and
EDWARD LEAR

arranged by
Bernard Quaritch Ltd.
Antiquarian Booksellers

at
THE MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY,
CHURCH ST., BRIGHTON

13th January to 11th February, 1973

Exhibits will be for sale